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THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT BLENHEIM: DEPARTURE OF THE ROYAL PARTY UNDER AN ESCORT OF OXFORDSHIRE YEOMANRY CAVALRY
COMMANDED BY THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AS A LIEUTENANT OF THE REGIMENT.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The Scotch have taken to hoaxing, which is alarming. When we once begin to joke, with whatever difficulty, there is no knowing how far we may go on the road to waggery. The scene of it was not a kailyard, but a poultry yard, the inmates of which were described as having got "fou" at a burn that ran through a whisky distillery. The local colouring was capital, though some good business might have been done with a "tappit hen." A bubbly-jock in a state of intoxication would have been also a fine picture. The consequences of indulgence in the fowls and ducks were well differentiated: the former perished in the stream, but the latter got drunk and yet swam—a novel and delightful form of dissipation. The weak point in the story—because it was too strong—was the description of the hen in court, who took the whisky that was handed to her "like a man." However, no doubt the next attempt upon credulity will be an improvement, and in the meantime the English newspapers have been taken in, and Flodden been avenged.

The success of this enterprise has been partly owing to the fact that it is generally supposed that man—vile man—is the only animal, feathered or otherwise, who is addicted to liquor. Both teetotalers and anti-teetotalers have quoted this theory in support of their opinions. The one points to it as a proof that nature rejects alcohol, since no creature save man will touch it; the other asserts that none but beasts despise good liquor. One party paints a lurid and imaginary picture of a horse with "the staggers" (artificially produced); the other scornfully rejoins that if the cow did get drunk so much the better, because we should get milk punch ready-made. But, as a matter of fact, both parties are mistaken. The horse will seldom say nay to beer or stout; the pig delights in grains from a brewery; and I have a friend whose cat laps up brandy and water ("cold with") as though it were cream. I leave as doubtful the case of rats said to be found at the top of a beer-cask letting down their tails through the bung-hole and sucking them.

One is glad to see that that excellent institution, the "Theatrical Ladies' Guild," is prospering, for it does a great deal of good; the attendance at its "Sewing Bees" is large and regular, and so entirely engrossed are its members in "feather-stitching and straight hemming" that they omit to talk scandal. The total amount of fines hitherto inflicted for this offence is but one penny! A vulgar person might say that this looks a little "too steep"; and the gradient is certainly considerable. Is it possible that in theatrical circles folks do not apply the word scandal to what would be considered so elsewhere. Perhaps the penny was, so to speak, well earned ("in for a penny, in for a pound"). I confess the lowliness of the fine sounds suspicious. It looks as if the founders of the society either thought the offence a very slight one, or took it for granted it would be so often committed that a sixpenny penalty would be ruination to everybody. It does seem contrary to human nature that ladies, however benevolent, should be so rapt in straight hemming, week after week, as not to have a word to say to one another of a disparaging character respecting other ladies; they do it, I am told, even at Dorcas societies.

I once knew a very clever fellow who had a fixed idea that the thing a man always knew the least about was his own business. This position was not at all shaken by the fact that nothing made him more angry than any interference with his affairs: he was always prepared to set those of other people right. If he had had the opportunity, he would certainly have offered his advice to the German diplomatists who made that secret treaty with Russia which has caused so much unpleasantness. He was particularly positive about what diplomatists should or should not do, because he had no sort of concern with such matters. Just now, when folks are speaking of German diplomacy as though it were an inferior article (like German silver) to that of other nations, I cannot help recalling his views. To speak of Ambassadors and the like as persons who were "paid to lie abroad" (as they have been described) he thought ill taste, and even extended his protection to foreign Ministers. "We give them an ill name, as we do to lawyers," he would charitably observe; "and for no better reason. They are risky of course, live, as it were, from hand to mouth, and act with great duplicity in matters where, sooner or later, they must be found out: they trust to the whirligig of time to place them in a position where the discovery will not be of vital consequence; but they have almost as much honesty as the rest of the world. As man to man they would cheat nobody; they would scorn to make a contract with an individual, intending, if disadvantageous to themselves, to tear it up on the first favourable opportunity, far less to make another behind his back with somebody else that utterly invalidates it; but they look upon foreign Governments exactly as an immense minority of our fellow-countrymen regard the railway companies and the Income-tax Commissioners, and have no more scruple about keeping faith with them than the members of the Inquisition had with heretics." If my confident friend were alive he would state these views with much more eloquence than I can command, and I believe

they would be correct. The explanation in the Reichstag was certainly deficient in what he especially plumed himself upon—lucidity.

A writer in the *Law Journal* gives some particulars about counsel's fees which will be new to those fortunate persons who have never had a lawsuit. They confuse the "retaining fee," which is one guinea and half-a-crown to the clerk, with the brief-fee, which is a much more important matter. As to "refreshers," it may be some comfort to native sufferers to learn that they are even larger in the United States than in this country. "The leader's refreshment here is nominally ten guineas, and the wheelers' five guineas, but in practice [as if they were not all "in practice"!], a fine leader in a good team will absorb thirty guineas." In the High Court of Justice a counsel is entitled to be "refreshed" after five hours, the brief-fee being supposed to cover the work of getting up the case. According to etiquette, no counsel can leave his circuit to plead on another without a special retainer, which, I believe, if he is a Queen's Counsel, must not be less than three hundred guineas. This is probably to discourage poaching, or, rather, the poacher's employer. Serjeant Davy once had a very large brief delivered to him with a fee of only two guineas marked on it. His client asked him if he had read it. "Yes," he said, pointing to the words, "Mr. Serjeant Davy, two guineas," on the back; "so far I have read, but for the life of me I can read no farther." Another Serjeant was accused by his circuit committee of having degraded the profession by taking a fee in copper, whereupon he thus defended himself: "I fully admit that I took a fee from the man in coppers—and not one but several, and not only fees in copper but in silver; but I pledge my honour that I never took a fee from him in silver until I had got all his gold, nor a fee from him in copper till I got all his silver; and you don't call that a degradation of my profession, I hope."

A would-be client once wrote to Parsons, the American advocate, stating a case for his opinion, and enclosing a twenty-dollar note. The other did not reply: whereupon the man wrote a second letter. Then Parsons answered that he had read the case and formed his opinion, but somehow or other "it stuck in his throat." Whereupon the man, perceiving what was amiss, enclosed a hundred-dollar note, and got the opinion. Nobody does anything well for nothing, and certainly not a lawyer. Lord Mansfield was so sensible of this that when on one occasion he had to attend to some professional business of his own, he took some guineas out of his purse and put them into his waistcoat pocket to give him the requisite stimulus. Sir Anthony Malone, an Irish Attorney-General, was so imprudent as to omit this precaution, and, as Mr. Croake James informs us, was grievously punished for it, for he was so inattentive as regards some property he bought for himself that he lost three thousand pounds a year by it: in future he caused his clerk to make an abstract of the title deeds of any property he bought, and lay it before him with a fee of five guineas, properly endorsed, which the clerk was scrupulously to account for; after which Sir Anthony made no more mistakes, as regarded, at least, his own affairs.

It is extraordinary how the general kindness of women always finds its exception in the brutality of the middle class as regards their cats. Many of them who no doubt go to chapel and imagine themselves quite respectable members of a religious community, are in the ordinary habit of making no provision when they leave home for a holiday for their no longer "necessary" cat. They leave it to starve—unless it can live for four weeks without food—rather than pay the few pence a week that would suffice for its maintenance. I should like to see how they looked after four days of similar enforced abstinence. One regrets to see that the magistrate only fines these wretches. The *Irish Figaro* observes—

Town-bred people have their superstitions—involving cruelty to the lower animals—as well as the rustic peasantry. Not the least notorious of these is the barbarous custom which Dublin householders have of leaving behind them the feline members of the community whenever they change from one residence to another. As it would be unlucky to bring the cat with them to the new abode, the unfortunate animal is generally shut out into a deep area from which he cannot emerge, and is allowed to die a lingering death of starvation. . . . In the street in which I live a clergyman recently vacated his house, and did this very thing.

He must have been a choice specimen of his Church, whatever it was. As a well-known Scotch divine, Dr. Norman Macleod, has admirably written: "I would give nothing for that man's religion whose cat . . . is not the better for it."

Club-land has lost one of its best known and most respected members in Mr. John Loraine Baldwin. It is now more than fifty years ago that he assisted in founding the I Zingari Club, of whom only one of the original committee, I believe, survives. He was as famous in the whist world as in that of cricket, and was chairman of the committee that revised the laws of short whist by which all players are bound. It was long objected to first-class whist clubs that the stakes were often so high as to make a species of business of what should be a recreation, and of late years a club was instituted and called after his name—the Baldwin Club—where the game is played for moderate

points, and the combination of good whist and good fellowship secured.

A great drawback in our modern crusaders is their excess of zeal. The temperance advocate denounces claret-and-water as if it were as deleterious as gin; and the anti-gambler attacks sixpenny points at whist with the same vigour that he devotes to the betting on the Derby. And now the excellent people who, like all other sensible persons, are anxious to do away with hurdy-gurdies and street singers, are falling tooth and nail upon our milkmen and newsboys. This is carrying things much too far, and will only strengthen the hands of those who favour noise. A correspondent of the *Times* complains that the cries of the newsboys on Sundays are heard even when the church-bell is going. If they are, he must be very fortunate in his church-bell. Most of these brook no rival in the way of noise, and considering that every churchgoer knows the time that service begins, their clamour is quite superfluous. To the milkman and the muffin-man, on the other hand, their cry is necessary to their business. There is no one who detests what is commonly known as a street noise more than I do, but that is very different from a street cry which is the legitimate voice of Labour.

Stories of street Arabs written for grown-up people have of late been very popular. The impression they leave upon us is that the horrors of ill-treatment, cold, and want are greatly mitigated by the sense of humour in these outcasts. Like chronic invalids, they have their good days as well as their bad days; and among the brutal and squalid creatures with whom they live, it seems they find, occasionally, kindness and gentleness. These comparatively fortunate lads did not, however, live in "The Jago," if Mr. Arthur Morrison's account of that place and its inhabitants is to be trusted, of which the honest reader will have no doubt. Some, indeed, will turn away from the book with the cuckoo note, "exaggeration." The details it describes will be "painful" to them; it is much less distressing to read of the deeds of far-away heathen nations, softened down by missionary narrators. To think of such things happening every day within a florin's fare by hansom from Pall Mall is too shocking. The Jago is a congeries of buildings so called in Shoreditch, and "a Child of the Jago" is one of its inhabitants. The story is, I have no doubt, so far as his type is concerned, a perfectly true one, and it is told by a master in the art of description. We have had various attempts at the delineation of the Submerged, but of a very bald and partial kind. They are like the experience of the sea-depths which we hear from divers: in Mr. Morrison's book, it is as though the sea had drawn back and left the whole area with its in-dwellers exposed. To compare such a work with the record of an East-End Elevation Mission—the triumphs of which are kept perpetually on tap for the Higher Life, the Greater Thought, and the Wider Humanity, all for the manufacture of the Superior Person, is ridiculous: these missions do not touch the submerged class at all, but only people who in their way are decently honest to begin with. Mr. Morrison has nothing to say against them beyond that, and that he recognises the agencies by which good is done is evident by his description of Mr. Sturt, the clergyman of the parish. Anyone who hopes to find any highly coloured pictures of immorality in this volume, though it plumbs the very depths of vice and crime, will be disappointed. The ladies of "The Jago" are not attractive: here is one of them—

Down the middle of Old Jago Street came Sally Green, red faced, stripped to the waist, dancing, hoarse, and triumphant. Nail-scores wide as the finger striped her back, her face, and her throat, and she had a black eye; but in one great hand she dangled a long bunch of clotted hair as she whooped defiance at the Jago. It was a trophy newly rent from the scalp of Norah Walsh, champion of the Rann woman-kind, who had crawled away to hide her blighted head and be restored with gin. None answered Sally's challenge, and staying but to fling a brickbat at Pip Walsh's window, she carried her dance and her trophy into Edge Lane.

Though the horrible circumstances under which these unhappy persons live are described with merciless truth, there is nothing disgusting in its narration. If the reader shudders it is from sympathy with those who actually suffer what he has only the pain of reading about. Winter, bad as it is, is not, as one would suppose, the worst season for the dwellers in the Jago. To their curtainless and filthy rooms the breath of summer comes like a blast from the infernal regions—

These people never sleep without a light, because of three sorts of vermin that light in some sort keeps at bay—vermin which added to existence here present a terror not to be guessed by the unafflicted, who object to being told of it. For on them that lay writhen and gasping on the pavement, on them that sat among them, on them that rolled and blasphemed in the lighted rooms, on every moving creature in this, the Old Jago, day and night, sleeping and waking, the third plague of Egypt, and more, lay unceasing.

Dicky, the boy hero (as little like a hero as can be imagined), his father and mother, and Weech, the receiver of stolen goods, are characters so graphically drawn that we seem to have met them in the flesh, and are quite uncomfortable at the idea of it. Yet these are, after all, our fellow creatures. Read this account of them, and if you cannot afford to give to both, let the natives of Borrioboola Gha go without your alms for a season (they can better afford to wait), and bestow them upon Mr. Sturt to humanise his wretched parishioners.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO BLENHEIM.

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Wales and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, to the historic home of the Dukes of Marlborough was celebrated last week with a variety of brilliant festivities within the hospitable precincts of Blenheim Palace itself and in the little old-world town of Woodstock. More than once during the week night was turned into day until a late hour by the illuminations which lit the town and park, and on the Thursday evening several thousands of people from Oxford and the neighbouring countryside assembled in the park to witness a great display of fireworks and a procession and cycle parade by torchlight. After dinner the royal and other distinguished members of the house-party emerged to the grand entrance of the Palace to watch the firework display, and received a very hearty greeting from the assembled crowd. Some eight hundred men subsequently took part in a torchlight procession, which was rendered strikingly *bizarre* in its effects by the lights of different hue which at intervals lit up the scene. Shooting parties were arranged for the Prince of Wales and the men of the house-party each day, the Princess of Wales and the other ladies joining the sportsmen for luncheon in a large marquee on one of these occasions. On another day the Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Wales, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, and others of the visitors, together with their hostess, drove to Oxford, where the royal party visited the Indian Institute and several of the Colleges, and lunched with the Dean of Christ Church and Mrs. Paget.

For the last night of the royal visit a county ball was originally arranged, but, owing to the recent death of the grandmother of the young Duchess of Marlborough, a reception was held instead. A brilliant company of some six hundred guests thronged the magnificent state-rooms of the Palace until a late hour. A pleasant programme of music was discoursed by Herr Gottlieb's Viennese band, which was in attendance at the Palace throughout the week, and by a number of distinguished artists, which included Mrs. Helen Trust, Mdles. Marianne and Clara Eissler, and Mr. Henry Sunman, the well-known Oxford baritone. Supper was laid in the Great Hall.

On the morning of Saturday last the royal guests bade farewell to their hostess and drove in three carriages to Yarnton, escorted by the Woodstock division of the Oxfordshire Yeomanry Cavalry, under the command of the Duke of Marlborough, who is a Lieutenant in the regiment. At Yarnton, midway on the journey from Woodstock to Oxford, the Oxford troop of the same regiment undertook the duty of escort, under the command of Major Hermon-Hodge, M.P., and on arrival at the Great Western Station at Oxford the royal party was received by a guard of honour formed by the University Volunteer Battalion, of which the Prince of Wales is Honorary Colonel; and, after sundry farewells, the royal party started for London on the special train provided for the occasion amid the lusty cheers of a great gathering of Oxonians, academic and civic.

MR. COVENTRY PATMORE.

The news of Mr. Patmore's death at the end of last week came with a double surprise. Some who knew him, if only by sight, and to whom his erect and tall figure was a symbol of his upright mind, alert to the last in all its powers, read the tidings with the astonishment which is inevitable when a great vitality goes quickly out. To others, on the contrary, the surprise was that Mr. Patmore was still a living contemporary. He had written so long ago, and had led a hermit's life, far aloof from the lion-hunting throng of London, that his name had seemed to belong to one of the departed. When Tennyson died, and Mr. Patmore was mentioned to the then Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone said, "Oh, but are you not mistaken in supposing him to be alive?" It was at a dinner-party, and there were others present who spoke in the same sense. There is a world in which, if your doings are not daily advertised, you are indeed dead.

Mr. Patmore's was a heart impervious to that kind of indifference, just as his "Odes" are superior to any failure of contemporaries to comprehend their full significance. He knew that he wrote them for the few; and he knew that it was rather by accident that he had ever chanced to write for the many. In "The Angel in the House" were hints of the spiritual philosophy which had more essential expression in the "Odes." But for readers who missed these there remained enough and to spare for a great popularity. "The Angel in the House," the very name of which had a mystical meaning not caught by all, was nothing if not popular in form and incident. It was an angel that stooped to conquer the multitude. Many editions were sold, and of one popular issue more than a hundred thousand copies went out within a short space. Human love as the symbol of Heavenly, the earthly spouse as the sponsor of an eternal Bridegroom, every child born into the world a corollary of the Incarnation—these were the high things which occupied the thoughts and the writings of this poet from first to last. Perhaps you could not be expected to discover such subtleties when disguised in easy metre, in rhymes of commonest

facility, the furniture that of a deanery, and the lay-figures those of persons of quite the highest respectability. On the surface, the poem was one for parody, and Mr. Swinburne, with other parodists, went to work. Mr. Patmore himself could and did enter into the fun—he kept his own secrets. But when he wrote again, the form of the "Odes" was one which did not lend itself to anybody's love of burlesque; and, indeed, the theme, more openly avowed, passed beyond the reach or risk of vulgar misunderstanding. Of his diction, at its high point, the words have been written: "He is the capturer of a speech so quick and close that it is the speech less of a poet than of the very Muse."

Coventry Patmore was a boy when he began to write. Born in 1823, at Woodford, in Essex, he wrote in his teens both prose and verse, some of which was printed in a volume in 1844, and part of which waited to appear in the first number of the *Germ* in 1850. In 1846 he went into the British Museum as an assistant librarian; and, on the strength of his slender salary, augmented meagrely by the proceeds of articles in various reviews, he married in the following year Miss Emily Andrews, daughter of a Congregationalist minister, who bore him six children, of whom four survive. In a North London suburb he had his home, surrounded by the friends his father had given him—for his father had left commerce for literature, had written two books, edited a magazine and become intimate with the Lambs, with Hazlitt (as the "Liber Amoris" letters bear witness), with Leigh Hunt (who had been the first to hail Coventry's early efforts in poetry), with Jerrold, and many more. Men of a younger generation were added to these—Ruskin,

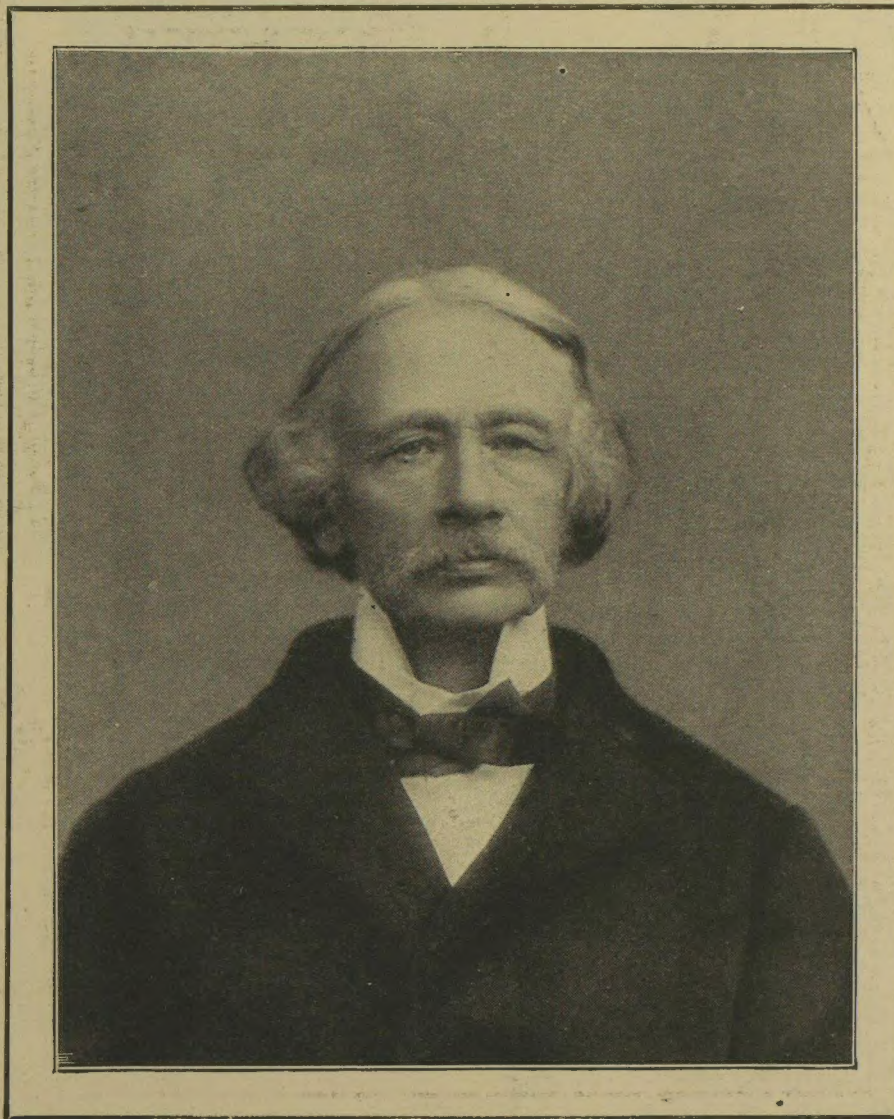


Photo Barraud, Oxford Street.

THE LATE MR. COVENTRY PATMORE.

Monckton Milnes, Tennyson, Millais, Rossetti, Browning among the number—some of them Pre-Raphaelites and some of them Realists, and both appealing to the sympathies of their host. Then "The Angel in the House" was written—a poem which should bring Heaven down to earth, and take earth up to Heaven, and still belong to Realism. The heroine of the poem—his own wife—left the earth only too soon, dying of consumption in 1862. Patmore then retired from the Museum and went abroad, where, in Rome, he joined the Roman Catholic Church, and met Miss Marianne Byles, the daughter of a Judge, and the ward of Cardinal Manning; and her he married in 1865. After living for a time in London, the Patmores, now of ample fortune, bought an estate in Sussex—Heron's Ghyll, whence in the course of years they removed to The Mansion, at Hastings, and ultimately to The Lodge, Lymington, where, on Thursday, Nov. 26, the poet died. Meanwhile he had published, in 1879, "The Unknown Eros" and "Amelia," had lost his second wife, and had married Miss Harriet Robson, by whom he leaves one son, a schoolboy still.

As a prose writer and as a critic of the arts, and also as the maker of aphorisms that go to the heart of things in philosophy and religion, he leaves several volumes to secure his name as a bold and subtle thinker: "Principles in Art," "Religio Poetæ," and "Rod, Root, and Flower." As poet and as essayist he will be judged by posterity, whom he boasted that he had respected by publishing nothing that violated his own sensitive artistic conscience; and it remains for contemporaries, who knew the man as well as the writer, to bear witness to the courage with which he translated his poetry into life and his life into poetry, to the generosity of his character, to his wit and brilliance as a talker and a story-teller, and to his deep devotion as a friend.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Too late for detailed criticism in our present issue, Mr. George Alexander, on Wednesday last, presented at the St. James's Theatre an elaborate revival of "As You Like It," with new incidental music by Mr. Edward German. Although Mr. Alexander has been associated with more modern work since he assumed the rôle of manager, he is not, of course, new to Shaksperian interpretation, for he won his spurs in the secondary parts of Sir Henry Irving's repertoire at the Lyceum. The element of novelty has, however, added to the interest aroused by his first Shaksperian revival at his own theatre, and by the first appearance of Miss Julia Neilson as "heavenly Rosalind." A full criticism of the production will appear in our next issue, but meantime our Artist's brush, outspeeding the critic's pen, has depicted the latest stage rendering of the playful marriage of Rosalind and Orlando in the Forest of Arden.

Shakspeare's exquisite pastoral has not occupied the boards of a West-End theatre since it was last revived by Mr. Augustin Daly. Miss Ada Rehan's very delightful, if somewhat hoydenish, Rosalind remains the most notable rendering of the part that London has seen for some years, in default of the charming impersonation which Miss Ellen Terry still owes to playgoers and to Shakspeare's memory. Miss Rehan's immediate predecessor in the part was Mrs. Langtry, who six years ago gave a graceful revival of "As You Like It," at the same theatre at which it once more holds the stage. The St. James's Theatre is, indeed, particularly associated with this one Shaksperian comedy, for an earlier revival of notable interest took place on its boards under the Kendal-Hare management, Mrs. Kendal appearing as Rosalind, Mr. Kendal as Orlando, and Mr. John Hare as Touchstone. When Mrs. Langtry presented "As You Like It," in the spring of 1890, the most recent revival of importance was that with which the newly built Shaftesbury Theatre had been opened in 1888, when Miss Wallis played Rosalind to the Orlando of Mr. Forbes Robertson. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, it is interesting to remember, first attracted the attention of London playgoers by her performance of Rosalind at a special matinée a few years ago, and a representation of "As You Like It" by actresses only may be recalled as a dramatic curiosity.

To make room for the new piece at the Gaiety, "My Girl" was transferred on Dec. 1 to the Garrick Theatre. Miss Lillie Belmore is the new Mayoress, and, while she is far behind her predecessor in point of voice and vigour, the ditty of Sir Tom is so rollicking that it was encored again and again. Miss Ethel Sydney, who replaces Miss Ellaline Terriss, is a welcome recruit to the cast, showing possibilities of a greater gift of acting than one expects in such a company.

"They say" that "The Kiss of Delilah," though described on the programmes as "by George Grant and James Lisle," is really from the pen of Mr. John Coleman. If that be so, then Mr. Coleman behaved unkindly to his work in presenting it at the fag end of his season at Drury Lane. He was still more unkind to it, perhaps, in submitting it at Drury Lane at all. It has not sufficient breadth and depth for a stage and an auditorium like those of the "National Theatre." Though in three acts, it embodies little more than an episode in the life of the "incorruptible" Robespierre. It shows us the "sea-green" in love—in love, moreover, with a beautiful actress (Hermine Vanhove) of the Théâtre Français. Hermine is herself enamoured of her brother-artist, the great Talma, and when Robespierre discovers the fact, he is extremely surprised and angry. For Hermine, in

order to protect her lover, has pretended to respond to the Revolutionary leader's passion, and he finds himself tricked as well as thwarted. It would now go ill with Hermine and Talma, but in the nick of time Robespierre's own life is cut short, and youth and love triumph. All this is effective enough theatrically, in spite of the improbabilities attending it; but, unfortunately, the intrigue, besides being slight, is padded out with a large, a too large, supply of decidedly Cockney humour, which, in the mouth of an official of the Convention, uneducated though he be, sounds sadly incongruous. "The Kiss of Delilah" was interpreted by a cast quite competent—by Mr. Hermann Vezin as Robespierre, Mr. T. B. Thalberg as Talma, Miss Hilda Spong as Hermine, Miss Edith Jordan as a *soubrette* of the Français, and Mr. Sam Johnson as the comic official. Mr. Vezin was admirably dignified, and Miss Spong once more proved that she has a sound, if rather stagey, method.

"The Bells" was first produced at the Lyceum on the evening of Nov. 25, 1871. It was a happy thought, that of celebrating at the same theatre on Nov. 25, 1896, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the event. For an event it certainly was—an event in the life of Henry Irving and in the history of the English stage. Mr. Irving had delighted connoisseurs and the regular playgoer in many parts prior to that of Mathias, but it was as Mathias that he first captured the suffrages of the great mass of the public. It was his representation of the conscience-stricken burgomaster that first caused him to be recognised as a great actor. On Wednesday of last week he showed that the interval of five-and-twenty years had but imparted a greater subtlety to the impersonation, of which the force and the magic remained unimpaired.



GYNNING-KING

EARLY RESPONSIBILITIES.

DISTRICT VISITOR: *Tell your mother I want to see her, dear.*
SMALL CHILD: *She's out.*
DISTRICT VISITOR: *Well, then, go and call one of your sisters.*
SMALL CHILD: *Please, they've all gone out.*
DISTRICT VISITOR: *What! and left you at home alone?*
SMALL CHILD: *I've got to mind the baby.*

THE INFANTA ELVIRA.

Elopements in royal or quasi-royal families are sufficiently rare to excite no small wonder. As a rule, the *convenances* are enforced in such circles with a rigour unknown to the private citizen. Royal marriages are usually politic; if there should be affection in the contract, so much the better, but that plebeian element cannot be allowed to dictate the choice of a bride or bridegroom. Don Carlos, the father of the Infanta Elvira, has lately married the Princess de Rohan, not entirely to the satisfaction of his daughters, who are gravely reminded that in such affairs reason, and not personal predilection, must be supreme. Having thus conformed to tradition himself, it is all the harder for the Spanish Pretender that one of his daughters should outrage not only the *convenances*, but the ordinary proprieties, by eloping with a married man. The Princess Elvira apparently made the acquaintance of Signor Folchi at a time when her father's second marriage was rankling in her mind. She is the third daughter of Don Carlos, is twenty-five years old, and therefore as fully endowed with discretion as her natural temperament will permit. Signor Folchi is a highly successful artist and kinsman of a Roman Cardinal. He is no adventurer, but a man of high social position; and this conjunction of his fortunes with those of a Princess of what might have been, and still hopes to be, a reigning dynasty is the nearest approach to sheer romance which can be found outside the story-books. Don Carlos has issued a manifesto to his party, solemnly excommunicating his rebellious child. It is a dignified and pathetic document; but it appears to have excited considerable uneasiness among the Carlists, who think their cause would have suffered less if their chief had taken the blow in silence. The truth is, the prospects of Don Carlos in Spain are none of the brightest, and the little Alfonso XIII. and the Queen-Regent would have had no ground for alarm had the Infanta Elvira never set eyes on the too fascinating painter. The Infanta is described as high-strung and emotional; but the arrangements for her sensational exit from her family were made with marked premeditation. For she took with her a considerable



A ROYAL RUNAWAY: THE INFANTA ELVIRA, DAUGHTER OF DON CARLOS, DUKE OF MADRID.

Photo Adèle, Vienna.

sum of money, the disposal of which was entirely within her own right. The fugitive pair are said to be at Barcelona, though there are rumours that the Infanta intends to take up her abode in England.

ELECTRIC RAILWAY AT BRIGHTON.

On Saturday the Mayor of Brighton, Alderman Blaker, and the Chairman of the Rottingdean Parish Council, Mr. Steyning Beard, with members of the Brighton Town Council and a company of invited visitors from that neighbourhood, joined in the trial trip of passenger traffic on the new line of electric railway which has been constructed along the seashore eastward of Brighton from the Paston Jetty, at Kemp Town, running below the cliffs to the new iron pier erected at Rottingdean, a distance of four miles. This work, undertaken and carried out by a company of which the chairman of directors is Mr. E. O. Bleackley, and which has employed Mr. St. George Moore as engineer, is a design in some respects novel and original, the line being exposed to the action of the sea as well as of the winds, both occasionally rough on that coast, and being submerged at high tide, and thereby liable to the depositing of sand and seaweed, which can, however, be easily removed. Two parallel lines of rails, each line forming a single railway of 2 ft. 8½ in. gauge, are laid with a space of 18 ft. between them, together supporting not a train of cars, but a broad car standing upon a steel frame, 24 ft. high, with four legs or cylindrical pillars of hollow steel, resting upon bogies, which run in front of the car and in the rear. The railway, which is nearly level, its steepest gradient being one in 300, is laid upon blocks of concrete morticed into the rock, at some depth below high tide, but is visible at low tide, when it may be cleared of sand or other marine deposit. Overhead is stretched a long wire rope, connected with the landing-stages at each end of the line, where electricity is generated by the apparatus at the working stations. This rope, being in contact with two small wheels held up against it at the top of conducting-rods upon the travelling car, gives off continually the electric current, which, passing down from the car through the hollow cylinder-legs of the supporting frame, supplies motor power to the driving wheels and to the brakes; the car, indeed, contains at each side a reservoir of electric force constantly kept up from the generating stations through the wire rope overhead. The experimental trip was successfully performed in thirty-five minutes.

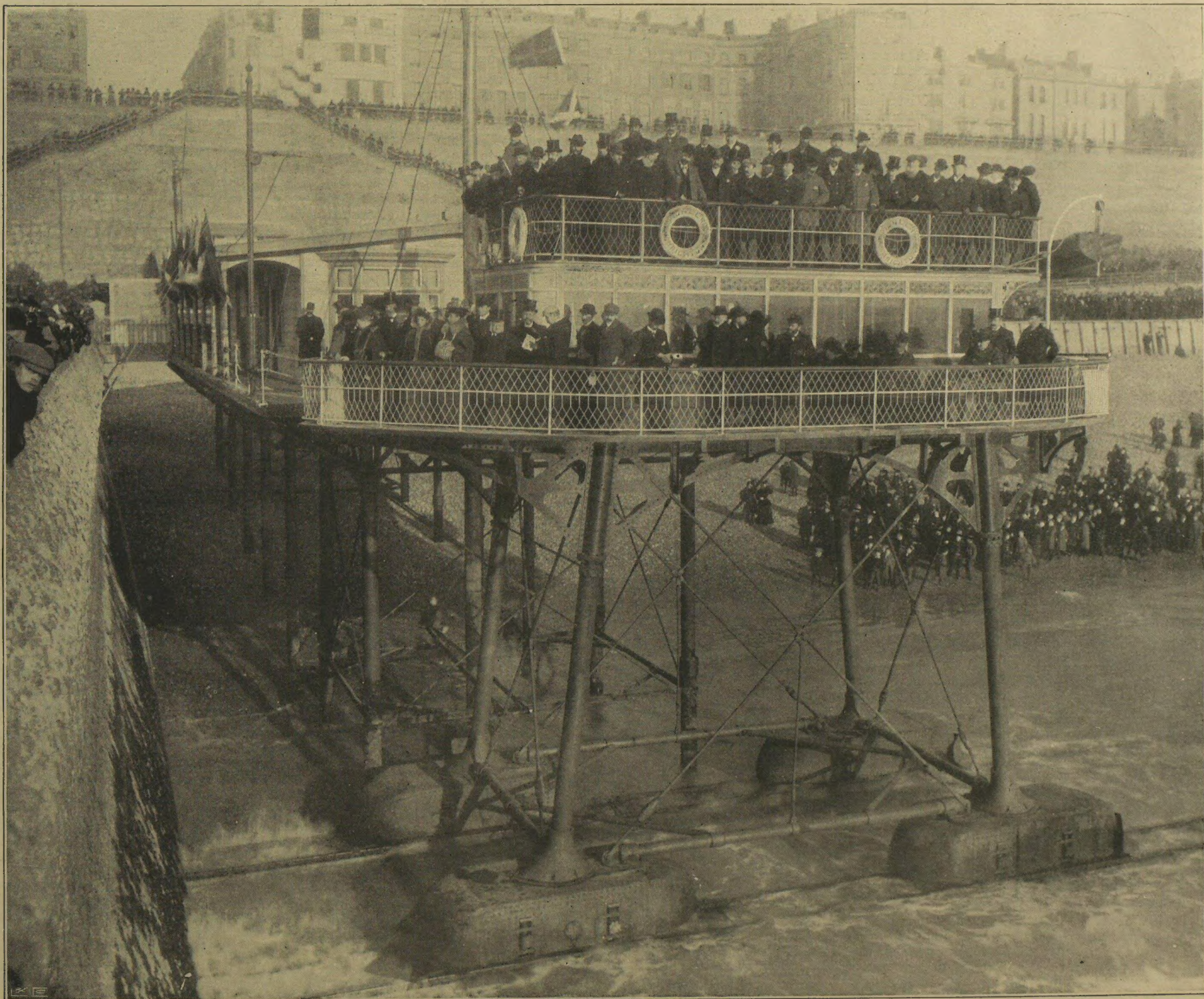


Photo Fry, Brighton.

A SEA-TRIP BY RAIL: THE NEW ELECTRIC RAILWAY BETWEEN BRIGHTON AND ROTTINGDEAN.

PERSONAL.

Lord Leighton's house has been presented to the nation by his sisters, Mrs. Sutherland Orr and Mrs. Mathews. Shortly after his death an attempt was made to raise a sufficient sum to buy the place for the public. The gift is said to have only one condition—that the house shall be preserved exactly as it stood in Lord Leighton's lifetime.

Rumours as to the relations between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Rhodes have elicited from the Colonial Secretary an explicit statement that his famous interview with the late Premier of Cape Colony at the Colonial Office was not of a "controversial" character. Some ingenious newspaper correspondent had drawn a picture of the scene, with Mr. Chamberlain as the indignant pedagogue and Mr. Rhodes as the cowering schoolboy. The author of this tale must feel sufficiently rewarded by the Colonial Secretary's contradiction.

Mrs. Brookfield's death will remind a multitude of readers that Thackeray wrote to this lady some of the most charming letters in the English language. They have a special value as the only letters of the great novelist which have been published. Thackeray was in the habit of writing to this friend even in the midst of his most pressing work, and the letters have all his characteristic quality. It is said that Lady Castlewood in "Esmond" was drawn from Mrs. Brookfield. She was the mother of Mr. Charles Brookfield, the well-known comedian.

A recent meeting of clergymen to protest against the theological views of Dean Fremantle, Canon Gore, and Archdeacon Wilson is likely to lead to prolonged controversy. Archdeacon Wilson's utterances on the subject of Evolution have excited special hostility, and great efforts are being made to procure a formal condemnation of them by Convocation.

A curious provision of Sir Edward Bates's will threatens his married daughter with a loss of income if she should spend more than six months in a single year in a certain part of Scotland. It appears that Sir Edward thought this particular district unsuitable for residence chiefly because the nearest neighbour was six miles off, and fearing that his personal views on the subject might be disregarded, he used his last will and testament as a weapon to enforce them. Eccentric restrictions are not uncommon in wills; but this dislike of a testator to a certain part of Scotland must seem very unreasonable to Scotchmen.

Monsignore Maghakia Ormanian, Superior of the Monastery of Arnash, Nicomedia, has been elected

Patriarch of Constantinople by the National Armenian Association. The new Patriarch studied theology at Rome, where he was ordained a priest. He was admitted in the presence of Pius IX. to a theological discussion, at the end of which he obtained the first diploma of Doctor of Divinity. On



Photo Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.
THE NEW ARMENIAN PATRIARCH.

his return to Constantinople he joined, about 1878, the National Armenian Church, together with many Armenian families who had belonged to the Roman Catholic Church. After having exercised for three years the functions of prelate of the Armenians at Erzeroum, he was consecrated a bishop by Monsignore Magar. His patriotic tendencies having excited the suspicions of the Turkish authorities, he was recalled to Constantinople. He was afterwards appointed Professor of Theology at the Seminary of Etchmiadzin, and aroused the suspicions of the Russian Government, which in 1888 requested him to leave the country. He retired to Constantinople, where he was appointed preacher in the Armenian churches of Kara-Gumruk and Pera, and later, Principal of the Seminary of Arnash, which he soon placed on a level with similar institutions in Europe. Monsignore Ormanian has often been sent on missions in the Armenian provinces, and knows thoroughly the condition of his fellow-countrymen. He is moderate, but firm. He is a scholar, and has published important writings in Armenian, Latin, French, and Italian. He is gifted with uncommon activity, and will doubtless play a prominent part in the Armenian situation.

The Dean of Christ Church College, Dr. Paget, has achieved a remarkable control over the wild undergraduates. One of the students under his care made some personal remarks on him in a college periodical, whereupon the undergraduates assembled and ducked the critic in the pond in Tom Quad. When he emerged from this bath his appearance "indicated anything but a happy frame of mind." It cannot be said now that the authorities of Christ Church are the enemies of free criticism. It is the wild undergraduates who have undertaken the unusual responsibility of censorship.

At the National Cycle Show at the Crystal Palace, which is now open, the well-known "Juno" cycles form an interesting display at the stand of the Metropolitan Machinists' Company, but they are by no means the "Junos" of yester-year, for numerous improvements have been made in this particular machine. The "Juno" lady's safety, of straight or curved tube design, at its lightest now scales but 26 lb., and a light roadster may be found at 24 lb. For the benefit of those who find this flesh but "too too solid," there is also a "Juno" safety warranted to carry 18 st. The whole Show is, indeed, of exceptional interest for cyclists.

Miss Mathilde Blind, who, after a prolonged period of declining health, died almost suddenly on Nov. 26, had



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.
THE LATE MISS MATHILDE BLIND.

achieved no common distinction as a poetess, novelist, and biographer. Born at Mannheim on March 21, 1841, she came as a refugee to England at an early age with her mother and stepfather, who had been involved in the Baden revolt of 1849. As a girl she was deeply influenced by her acquaintance with Mazzini, from whom she derived in large measure that enthusiasm for great thoughts and great deeds which characterised her throughout life. Her strength of feeling is particularly shown in two eloquent and powerful poems, "The Prophecy of St. Oran" (1881) and "The Heather on Fire" (1886). If "The Ascent of Man" (1888) is less successful, the cause is the difficulty of the theme, as yet hardly ripe for treatment by any poet. But her lyrical gift went on augmenting all her life, some of the finest instances appearing in her latest volume, "Birds of Passage," published only last year. As a novelist she will be remembered by "Tarantella," a romance of thrilling interest; and as a biographer by the excellent memoirs of George Eliot and Madame Roland, contributed to Mr. Ingram's "Eminent Women" Series. As a translator she enriched English literature with versions of two important books, by no means easy to render: Strauss's "The Old Faith and the New," and the "Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff," whom she may be said to have discovered for the English public.

The Coburg Hotel, Grosvenor Square, which was opened to the public on Wednesday last, stands upon ground which may fairly be considered of historic interest. The name of the hotel itself is the perpetuation of one which stood almost upon the same site generations ago, for in 1832 the Duchesse d'Angoulême held receptions at the Coburg Hotel, then kept by Francis Grillon, and an offshoot of Grillon's Hotel and once famous non-political and very aristocratic club in Albemarle Street, on her way from Edinburgh to France. Despite the fact, however, that Grosvenor Square was called by Seymour, in his "Survey of London and Westminster," "The Beauty of the Town," it is a fact that so late as the middle of the reign of George III. the neighbourhood was infested with footpads and positively dangerous to pedestrians. We have changed, all that, and to-day Grosvenor Square and its environs retain all the prestige of the past while enjoying the advantages of more modern civilisation. The Coburg Hotel of to-day is a very spacious and convenient house, handsomely decorated by Maple and Co., and standing as it does in the very heart of Mayfair, seems likely to win a goodly measure of patronage.

Mr. Steinway, the head of the great piano-making firm of New York, has ended an interesting career. With his father and brother he established the New York house in 1853, emigrating from Germany for that purpose. The original German firm of Steinway was soon eclipsed by the American house. Mr. William Steinway received the Order of the Red Eagle from the German Emperor in 1893. In New York he was highly esteemed as a citizen, and took a prominent part in public affairs.

By the death of M. Emmanuel Arago, French Republicanism has lost a veteran politician who devoted some fifty years of active service to its cause. M. Arago was a son of the well-known astronomer and senator of the same name, and was born in 1812. After some years of public life he was sent, in 1848, as Ambassador to Russia by the Constituent Assembly, but resigned his office because he disapproved of the negotiations for the deposition of the Triumvirate. From the time of his return from Russia to France he fought unceasingly for his Republican principles. He won fame as an advocate, and used it to defend Berezowski, who had fired at the Czar, and many political offenders. As deputy for a Paris quarter he voted against the *plébiscite* in 1870. When the Empire fell he became Minister of Justice, and subsequently Minister of the Interior, loyally supporting Thiers throughout, alike against retrograde and too progressive agitators. From 1880 until two years ago, M. Arago was Ambassador at Berne. After President Carnot's assassination, he received twenty-seven votes in the Presidential election, but never regarded himself seriously as a candidate.

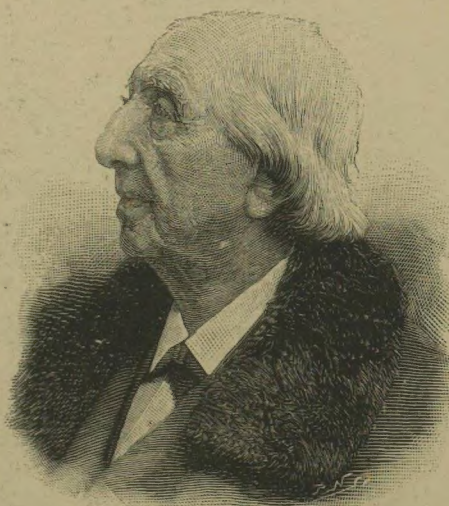


Photo Nadar, Paris.
THE LATE M. EMMANUEL ARAGO.

Lady Jane Swinburne, the mother of the poet, has passed away at the ripe age of eighty-eight. Her last birthday, it may be remembered, was celebrated by her eminent son in a poem which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for August. Lady Jane was a daughter of the third Earl of Ashburnham, and married the late Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne, one of the Swinburnes of Capheaton, Northumberland. She was well known and much beloved for the benevolence of her character. She had a strikingly good memory, and among the many incidents which she liked to recall were her presentation at Court and the compliments which William IV. paid to her beauty on that occasion.

Dr. Wace's retirement from King's College, on accepting St. Michael's, Cornhill, leaves vacant a position of emolument as well as distinction, but one peculiarly trying owing to the constitution of the College. It is not generally known that Dr. Wace, in addition to much theological work, wrote a good deal for the *Quarterly* when Sir William Smith was in office, and years ago was a leader-writer on one of the morning papers.

Mr. Volk's electric railway between Brighton and Rottingdean has given fresh stimulus to speculation about railway transit from Dover to Calais. Mr. Volk has mounted his trains on tubular columns which at high tide are partly immersed. It is suggested that the same principle might be applied to a cross-Channel railway service. This would add a new danger to the navigation of the Straits.

The death of Mr. John Loraine Baldwin removes a figure well known in cricket circles for many a year. Mr. Baldwin was one of the founders of the I Zingari Club of well-known cricketers, and had the distinction of being its Vice-President for life. Among his more intimate associates in this connection were Tom Taylor, dramatist and legal adviser in ordinary to the Old Stagers, who linked

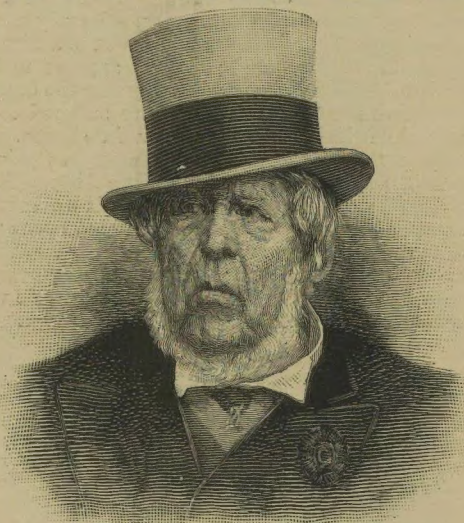


Photo Dickinson and Foster, Lond. Street.
THE LATE MR. JOHN BALDWIN.

theatricals with cricket for the time-honoured "Canterbury week," and the late Lord Bessborough. Three years ago Mr. Baldwin, then eighty-four years of age, played an active part in the celebration of the jubilee of the I Zingari, and to the end of his life he retained the keenest interest in cricket, and was constantly to be seen at the chief matches of the season.

MUSIC.

As we anticipated last week, the grand performance of "The Messiah" at Westminster Abbey, given by the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain in aid of the fund for which it was founded—to make a provision, that is, for indigent and decayed musicians, their widows and orphans—was a great artistic success. Our ears, indeed, have been spoiled of late by the Titanic choirs and orchestras that have assailed them on all sides, and the gentle sounds of Handel's times have become alien to us. We have grown to think that the great choruses of "The Messiah" necessarily imply something thunderous and overwhelming. Anybody who listened to those choruses on Thursday week must for ever be disabused of this noxious heresy. All the old power, virility, and strenuousness were there, indeed; but accompanied by we know not what delicacy and liteness. The place, too, lent its aid; and in the solemn dusk, as the sound rose to the high roof of the Abbey, one could, perhaps, thrill again with something of the true Handelian spirit rather than of the more modern robustness.

The Promenade Concerts, which have perforce been reduced to a single day in the week, still, however, contribute to the gaiety of the Queen's Hall every Saturday night. Last Saturday, for example, Mr. Henry Wood conducted his band through a first-rate programme, a judicious mixture of the popular and the esoteric. It was indeed odd to hear, beautifully played, too, the "Tristan" Prelude and Liebestod while the sturdy Britisher smoked his cigar and listened for all the world as though he were admiring a Waldteufel waltz or a fantasia upon Offenbach. Then again, the Walkürenritt was played admirably, and applauded with much spirit and appreciation. Surely the most ardent musician should have been satisfied. Turn again, to the other side of the picture, and there was ample food for the man in the street in such pieces as the fantasia upon "The Gondoliers," songs from "The Pirates" and "The Bohemian Girl," dances by Délibes, and what not. Yes, the Saturday Promenade Concerts are very judiciously managed.

At the Popular Concerts held at St. James's Hall, as usual, last Monday, both Lady Hallé and Signor Piatti made their *réentrée* to the customary tune of loud and enthusiastic plaudits. Neither of these distinguished players, however, was heard in solo pieces, confining themselves to an opening and concluding quartet. The first—by Dvorák—was pleasant and gay; but the last—in B Flat by Saint-Saëns—was a wearisomeness to the flesh. On the whole, we regret to have to record a somewhat dull concert, a most rare occurrence to the "Pops." Miss Fanny Davies played three little Schumann Romances for the pianoforte with her characteristic sweetness, and Mr. Plunket Greene sang a bundle of songs with all his vocal fineness and distinction.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, has been visited by the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, staying with her a week, except that his Royal Highness went to fulfil his engagements in London and Plymouth on several days. The Duke and Duchess of Fife came

education, which he hopes Government will be able to consider, and, if possible, in the coming Session.

The opening of Parliament for the business of the Session is fixed for Jan. 19, a week or two earlier than has been customary in ordinary years.

The Home Secretary, Sir M. W. Ridley, at Perth, replied to Mr. Asquith's remarks on the release of the Irish

popularity seems to be declining, an indication of which is found in Major-General Petroff's resignation of office and military service.

Turkey is still an impracticable problem of diplomatic separate purposes thinly veiled by the formal show of joint action, with prolonged remonstrances, excuses, and evasions touching the execution of the promised administrative reforms in Crete, while less is now said of the Armenian provinces; and the Sultan, disappointed of financial assistance from the loan projected by certain French bankers, sits at Yildiz Kiosk, letting his empire drift towards its ruin. It is asserted that he now expects to save his throne by the aid of Russia, to be recompensed by the concession of exclusive naval privileges in the Black Sea and the Bosphorus, or even in the Dardanelles—a matter concerning which some other European Powers might have a word to say.

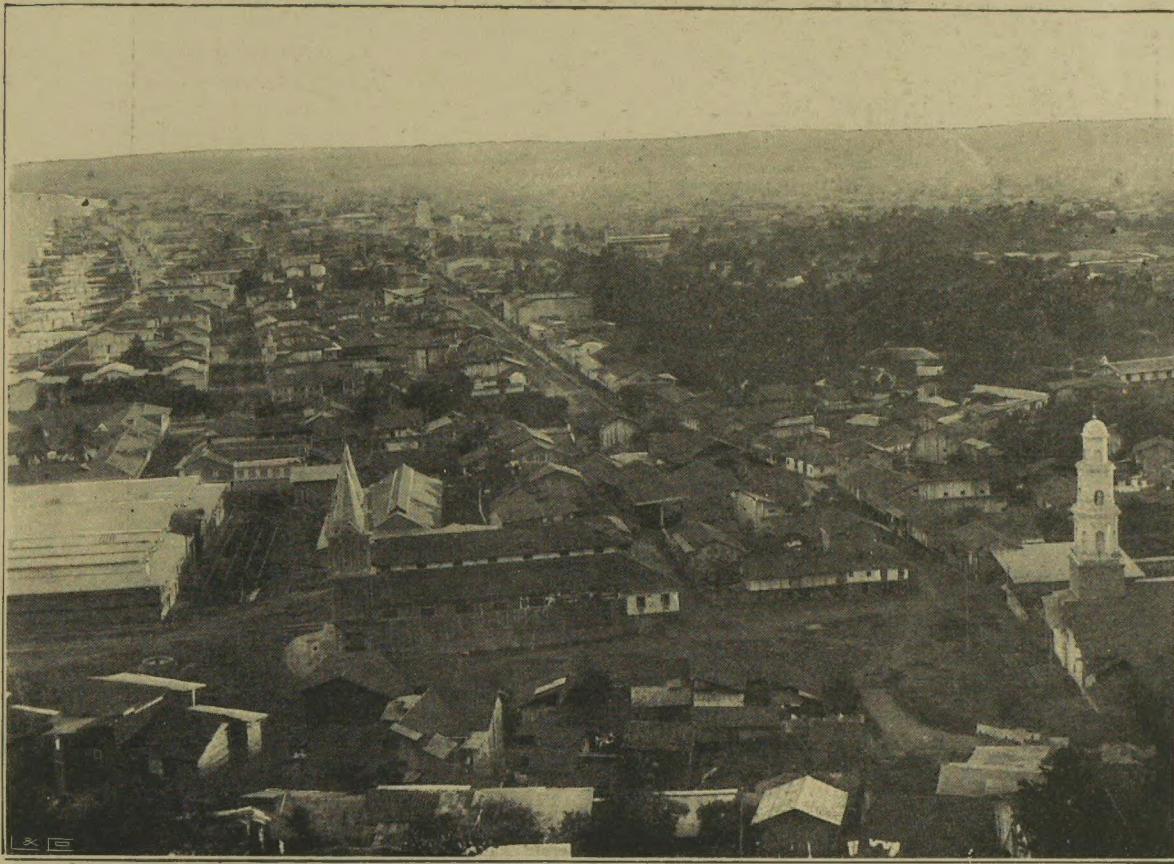
The strike for more wages among the German dock-labourers at Hamburg is absurdly, by some German papers, ascribed to English intrigue for the purpose of injuring German commerce. This may have arisen from the presence of Mr. Tom Mann. He has been expelled by the police.

In South Africa President Kruger has made a very conciliatory speech at a banquet, declaring that the Transvaal Republic will fully abide by the existing Convention with the British Government, will ask only moderate pecuniary compensation for the Jameson inroad, will foster and protect the mining industry, and will deal fairly with the Uitlanders. Earl Grey, the resident Managing Director of the British South Africa Company, has sent in a very satisfactory report of the submission of the Matabili, and of the restoration of public confidence among the settlers at Bulawayo, but the cattle disease is a cause of increasing distress.

The Viceroy of India, Lord Elgin, is visiting the western provinces, and has been splendidly entertained; but there was an overcrowding crush disaster at Baroda on Saturday, and forty lives were lost. The prospects of famine or extreme scarcity of food, especially in the North-West Provinces, are still bad. A quarter of a million people are maintained by the Government relief works.

THE GREAT FIRE AT GUAYAQUIL.

Recent accounts of the terrible damage done to property by the great fire which raged for three days from Oct. 5 in Guayaquil, the chief seaport and seat of trade in the South American Republic of Ecuador, show that even the six millions, at which the total loss was estimated, are insufficient to represent the havoc. Practically half the city was destroyed by the flames, and that the half containing all the foreign Consulates, four or five banks, all the hotels save one, the Custom-house, barracks, and arsenal, and all the chief houses of business. Several thousands of the inhabitants of the town were rendered homeless by the disaster, and great distress still prevails among the poorer sufferers. Guayaquil is a busy city with a population which rose from twenty-two thousand to close on fifty thousand between 1871 and 1890. It lies on the bank of the Rio Guayas, thirty-five miles above the river's mouth, and but little over a mile from the Estero Salado, which runs inland to the west of the river. The situation of Guayaquil was thus marked out by its natural advantages for a seaport, and has long been an important town. It has a university and a bishopric, is



GUAYAQUIL, ECUADOR, BEFORE THE RECENT FIRE.

on Friday evening to visit her Majesty, and left next day. The Queen, on the same day, received the happy news of the birth of her twenty-eighth great-grandchild, Princess Henry of Prussia, her granddaughter, having borne an infant son. Her Majesty held a Council on Friday. Among her guests at dinner in the past week have been the Russian, Spanish, Italian, American, and Turkish Ambassadors, the Lord Chancellor with Lady Halsbury, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain with Mrs. Chamberlain, and the Right Hon. Walter Long. The Bishop of Peterborough conducted religious service in the Chapel on Sunday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princess Victoria of Wales and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, returned on Saturday from their visit to Blenheim to their own residence at Sandringham, where they are visited by the Duke of Cambridge.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, on Saturday, presided at a meeting held at Charing Cross Hospital, in which Lord Glenesk, Lord Wantage, Mr. W. F. D. Smith, M.P. for Westminster, and Sir Charles Hall took part, to resolve upon a special appeal to public liberality for raising a fund of £100,000 to extend the accommodation for patients in that hospital, which has existed seventy-five years, and which received last year 2100 in-patients, 22,800 out-patients, and 11,280 accident cases, but needs to be enlarged. On the same day the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, with Princess Henry of Battenberg, visited the Windsor Union Workhouse.

A Cabinet Council of Ministers was held on Wednesday.

The approaching Forfarshire election just now occupies the minds of some party politicians. Mr. C. M. Ramsay is the Unionist candidate; the Liberal candidate is yet to seek; Captain Sinclair being in Canada, and Mr. Francis Webster, of Arbroath, waiting to see how matters stand. The Earl of Buckinghamshire, on Monday, at a Liberal meeting in that shire, lamented the retirement of Lord Rosebery, and said they must go for Reform of the House of Lords. At a lecture on "Parliamentary Oratory" last week at Edinburgh, Lord Rosebery, being in the chair, observed that the effect of speeches was transient, except in some historic instances where the speech had an effect opposite to what was intended. He rather admired "Single-Speech Hamilton," who spoke but once, and then well, in his whole Parliamentary career. At Leicester, Mr. Asquith, at Accrington, Sir Edward Clarke, have spoken again; the Lord Chancellor, also, at St. Stephen's Club; Mr. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade, at Croydon, on the improved prospects of British commerce; Mr. Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate, in Kent, on the martial valour of British Volunteers; Lord Farrer, at the Cobden Club, on the absolute universal applicability of Free Trade doctrines; the President of the Board of Agriculture, Mr. Walter Long, on the expediency of farmers, as well as manufacturers, adapting their businesses to modern needs and inventions. The week's oratory has thus been instructive, but has not shown any change of the political situation.

* Little has been added to the materials and arguments of controversy with regard to the proposed Government grant in aid of Church and other religious voluntarily established schools, but almost every supporter of the Government has rejected the alternative of a rate in aid to be levied by the local authorities. A deputation has interviewed the Duke of Devonshire, asking for aid to schools of secondary

dynamite conspirators, and said that was granted solely because of the medical certificates.

The Lord Mayor on Friday received a deputation of the foreign Consuls in this country to compliment him upon his election to the headship of the Corporation of the City of London.

Beyond the opening, on Nov. 26, of the Hungarian Parliament by the Emperor-King Francis Joseph, there has been no important foreign political event. The personal movements of a few minor Princes, and rumours concerning their affairs, have been noted by Continental journals.

In Italy a vote of £40,000 a year for the establishment



GUAYAQUIL, AFTER THE FIRE.

of the Prince of Naples, on his recent marriage, has been passed by the Chamber of Deputies with alacrity, since King Humbert engages to reimburse this payment from his own Civil List revenue, so that it will be no fresh burthen on the nation.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, with his Minister, Dr. Stoiloff, has got an overpowering majority in the Sobranje, or Assembly, by the elections on Sunday, as the voting was more or less controlled by Government; but his

a centre of ship-building and other industries, and is connected with Quito by railway. The town, as it stood before it was in great part laid low by the recent conflagration, covered a large area, but consisted almost entirely of wooden structures, which fell an easy prey to the flames. Guayaquil long had the reputation of being extremely ill-drained and unhealthy, but much improvement in sanitary conditions has been effected in recent years.



"EXCUSE ME, YOU ARE LYING ON MY NEST."

By W. Weekes.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Goldsmith for the next few days felt very ill at ease. He had a consciousness of having wasted a good deal of valuable time waiting upon Mrs. Abington and discussing with her the possibility of accomplishing the purpose which he had at heart; for he could not but perceive how shallow was the scheme which she had devised for the undoing of Mary Horneck's enemy. He felt that it would, after all, have been better for him to place himself in the hands of the fencing-master whom Baretto had promised to find out for him, and to do his best to run the scoundrel through the body, than to waste his time listening to the crude scheme concocted by Mrs. Abington, in close imitation of some third-class playwright.

He felt, however, that he had committed himself to the actress and her scheme. It would be impossible for him to draw back after agreeing to join her at supper on the Thursday night. But this fact did not prevent his exercising his imagination with a view to finding out some new plan for obtaining possession of the letters. Thursday came, however, without seeing him any further advanced in this direction than he had been when he had first gone to the actress, and he began to feel that kind of despair which takes the form of hoping for the intervention of some accident to effect what ingenuity has failed to accomplish. Mrs. Abington had suggested the possibility of such an accident taking place—in fact, she seemed to rely rather upon the possibility of such an occurrence than upon the ingenuity of her own scheme; and Oliver could not but think that she was right in this respect. He had a considerable experience of life and its vicissitudes, and he knew that when Destiny was in a jesting mood the most judicious and cunningly devised scheme may be overturned by an accident apparently no less trivial than the raising of a hand, the fluttering of a piece of lace, or the cry of a baby.

He had known of a horse's casting a shoe preventing a runaway match and a vast amount of consequent misery, and he had heard of a shower of rain causing a confirmed woman-hater to take shelter in a doorway, where he met a young woman who changed—for a time—all his ideas of the sex. As he recalled these and other freaks of Fate, he could not but feel that Mrs. Abington was fully justified in her confidence in accident as a factor in all human problems. But he was quite aware that hoping for an accident is only another form of despair.

In the course of the day appointed by Mrs. Abington for her supper he met Baretto, and reminded him of the promise he had made to find an Italian fencing-master and send him to Brick Court.

"What!" cried Baretto. "Have you another affair on your hands in addition to that in which you have already been engaged? Psha! Sir. You do not need to be a swordsman in order to flog a bookseller."

"I do not look forward to fighting booksellers," said Goldsmith. "They have stepped between me and starvation more than once."

"Would any one of them have taken that step unless he was pretty certain to make money by his philanthropy?" asked Baretto in his usual cynical way.

"I cannot say," replied Goldsmith. "I don't think that I can lay claim to the mortifying reflection that I have enriched any bookseller. At any rate, I do not mean ever to beat another."

"'Tis, then, a critic whom you mean to attack? If you have made up your mind to kill a critic, I shall make it a point to find you the best swordsman in Europe," said Baretto.

"Do so, my friend," said Goldsmith; "and when I succeed in killing a critic, you shall have the first and second fingers of his right hand as a memento."

"I shall look for them—yes, in five years, for it will certainly take that time to make you expert with a sword," said the Italian. "And, meantime, you may yourself be cut to pieces by even so indifferent a fighter as Kenrick."

"In such a case I promise to bequeath to you whatever bones of mine you may take a fancy to have."

"And I shall regard them with great veneration, being the relics of a martyr—a man who did not fear to fight with



He desired the waiter to inform the lady that he would not keep her for long.

dragons and other unclean beasts. You may look for a visit from a skilful countryman of mine within a week; only let me pray of you to be guided by his advice. If he should say that it is wiser for you to beware the entrance to a quarrel, as your poet has it, you will do well to accept his advice. I do not want a poet's bones for my reliquary, though from all that I can hear one of our friends would have no objection to a limb or two."

"And who may that friend be?"

"You should be able to guess, Sir. What! have you not been negotiating with the booksellers for a Life of Dr. Johnson?"

"Not I, Sir. But, if I have been doing so, what then?"

"What then? Why, then you may count upon the eternal enmity of the little Scotchman whom you once described not as a cur but only a bur. Sir, Boswell robbed of his Johnson would be worse than—than—"

"A lioness robbed of her whelps?"

"Well, better say a she-bear robbed of her cubs, only that Johnson is the bear and Boswell the cub. Boswell has been going about saying that you had boasted to him of your intention to become Johnson's biographer; and the best of the matter is that Johnson has entered with great spirit into the jest and has kept his poor Bossey on thistles—reminiscent of his native land—ever since."

Goldsmith laughed, and told Baretta how he had occasion to get rid of Boswell and had done so by pretending that he meant to write a Life of Johnson. Baretta laughed and went on to describe how, on the previous evening, Garrick had drawn on Boswell until the latter had imitated all the animals in the farmyard, while narrating, for the thousandth time, his first appearance in the pit of Drury Lane. Boswell had felt quite flattered, Baretta said, when Garrick, making a judicial speech, which anyone present except Boswell perceived to be a fine piece of comedy, said he felt constrained to reverse the judgment of the man in the pit who had shouted: "Stick to the coo, mon!" On the whole Garrick said he thought that, while Boswell's imitation of the cow was most admirable in many respects, yet for naturalness it was his opinion—whatever it might be worth—that the voice of the ass was that which Boswell was most successful in attempting.

Goldsmith knew that even Garrick's broadest buffoonery was on occasions accepted by Boswell with all seriousness, and he had no hesitation in believing Baretta's account of the party on the previous evening.

He went to Mrs. Abington's room at the theatre early in the night to inquire if she had made any change in her plans respecting the supper, and he found that the lady had come to think as poorly of the scheme which she had invented as he did. She had even abandoned her idea of inducing the man to confess, when in a state of intoxication, where he was in the habit of keeping the letters.

"These fellows are sometimes desperately suspicious when in their cups," said she; "and I fear that at the first hint of our purpose he may become dumb, no matter how boldly he may have been talking previously. If he suspects that you have a desire to obtain the letters, you may say farewell to the chance of worming anything out of him regarding them."

"What then is to be gained by our supping with him?" said Goldsmith.

"Why, you are brought into contact with him," she replied. "You will then be in a position, if you cultivate a friendship with him, to take him unawares upon some occasion, and so effect your purpose. Great Heavens, Sir! one cannot expect to take a man by storm, so to speak—one cannot hope to meet a clever scoundrel for half an hour in the evening, and then walk away with all his secrets. You may have to be with this fellow every day for a month or two before you get a chance of putting the letters into your pocket."

"I'll hope for better luck than that," said Oliver.

"Oh, with good luck one can accomplish anything," said she. "But good luck is just one of the things that cannot be arranged for even by the cleverest people."

"That is where men are at a disadvantage in striving with Destiny," said Goldsmith. "But I think that any man who succeeds in having Mrs. Abington as his ally must be regarded as the most fortunate of his sex."

"Ah, Sir, wait for another month before you compliment me," said she.

"Madam," said he, "I am not complimenting you but myself. I will take your advice and reserve my compliments to you for—well, no, not a month; if I can put them off for a week I shall feel that I have done very well."

As he made his bow and left her, he could not help feeling more strongly that he had greatly overrated the advantages to be derived from an alliance with Mrs. Abington when his object was to get the better of an adroit scoundrel. He had heard—nay, he had written—of the wiles of women, and yet the first time that he had an opportunity of testing a woman's wiles he found that he had been far too generous in his estimate of their value.

It was with no little trepidation that he went to the Shakespear tavern at supper-time and inquired for Mrs. Abington. He had a roll of manuscript in his hand, according to agreement, and he desired the waiter to inform the lady that he would not keep her for long. He

was very fluent up to this point; but he was uncertain how he would behave when he found himself face to face with the man who had made the life of Mary Horneck miserable. He wondered if he would be able to restrain his impulse to fly at the scoundrel's throat.

When, however, the waiter returned with a message from Mrs. Abington that she would see Dr. Goldsmith in the supper-room, and he ascended the stairs to that apartment, he felt quite at his ease. He had nerved himself to play a part, and he was convinced that the rôle was not beyond his powers.

Mrs. Abington, at the moment of his entrance, was lying back in her chair laughing, apparently at a story which was being told to her by her *vis-à-vis*, for he was leaning across the table, with his elbow resting upon it and one expressive finger upraised to give emphasis to the points of his narrative.

When Goldsmith appeared, the actress nodded to him familiarly, pleasantly, but did not allow her attention to be diverted from the story which Captain Jackson was telling to her. Goldsmith paused, with his fingers still on the handle of the door. He knew that the most inopportune entrance that a man can make upon another is when the other is in the act of telling a story to an appreciative audience—say, a beautiful actress in a gown that allows her neck and shoulders to be seen to the greatest advantage and does not interfere with the ebb and flow of that roseate tide, with its gracious ripples and delicate wimplings, rising and falling between the porcelain of her throat and the curve of the ivory of her shoulders.

The man did not think it worth his while to turn round in recognition of Goldsmith's entrance; he finished his story and received Mrs. Abington's tribute of a laugh as a matter of course. Then he turned his head round as the visitor ventured to take a step or two toward the table, bowing profusely—rather too profusely for the part he was playing, the artistic perception of the actress told her.

"Ha, my little author!" cried the man at the table with the swagger of a patron, "you are true to the tradition of the craft of scribblers—the best time for putting in an appearance is when supper has just been served."

"Ah, Sir," said Goldsmith, "we poor devils are forced to wait upon the convenience of our betters."

"Strike me dumb, Sir, if 'tis not a pity you do not await their convenience in an ante-room—ay, or the kitchen. I have heard that the scribe and the cook usually become the best of friends. You poets write best of broken hearts when you are sustained by broken victuals."

"For shame, Captain!" cried Mrs. Abington. "Dr. Goldsmith is a man as well as a poet. He has broken heads before now."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Captain Jackson laughed heartily at so quaint an idea, throwing himself back in his chair and pointing a contemptuous thumb at Oliver, who had advanced to the side of the actress, assuming the deprecatory smile of the bookseller's hack. He played the part very indifferently, the lady perceived.

"Faith, my dear," laughed the Captain, "I would fain believe that he is a terrible person for a poet, for, by the Lord, he nearly had his head broke by me on the first night that you went to the Pantheon, and I swear that I never crack a skull unless that of a person who is accustomed to spread terror around."

"Some poets' skulls, Sir, are not so easily cracked," said Mrs. Abington.

"Nay, my dear Madam," cried her *vis-à-vis*, "you must pardon me for saying that I do not think you express your meaning with any great exactness. I take it that you mean, Madam, that on the well-known kitchen principle that cracked objects last longer than others, a poet's pate, being cracked originally, survives the assaults that would overcome a sound head."

"I meant nothing like that, Captain," said Mrs. Abington. Then she turned to Goldsmith, who stood by, fingering his roll of manuscript. "Come, Dr. Goldsmith," she cried, "seat yourself by me, and partake of supper. I vow that I will not even glance at that act of your new play which I perceive you have brought to me, until we have supped."

"Nay, Madam," stammered Goldsmith; "I have already had my humble meal; still—"

He glanced from the dishes on the table to Captain Jackson, who gave a hoarse laugh, crying—

"Ha, I wondered if the traditions of the trade were about to be violated by our most admirable Doctor. I thought it likely that he would allow himself to be persuaded. But I swear that he has no regard for the romance which he preaches, or else he would not form the third at a party. Has he never heard that the third in a party is the inevitable kill-joy?"

"You wrong my friend Dr. Goldsmith, Captain," said the actress in smiling remonstrance that seemed to beg of him to take an indulgent view of the poet's weakness. "You wrong him, Sir. Dr. Goldsmith is a man of parts. He is a wit as well as a poet, and he will not stay very long; will you, Dr. Goldsmith?"

She acted the part so well that but for the side glance which she cast at him, Goldsmith might have believed her to be in earnest. For his own part he was acting to perfection the rôle of the hack author who was patronised till he found himself in the gutter. He could only smile in a sickly way as he laid down his hat beside a chair over

which Jackson's cloak was flung, and placed in it the roll of manuscript, preparatory to seating himself.

"Madam, I am your servant," he murmured; "Sir, I am your most obedient to command. I feel the honour of being permitted to sup in such distinguished company."

"And so you should, Sir," cried Captain Jackson as the waiter bustled about, laying a fresh plate and glass, "so you should. Your grand patrons, my little friend, though they may make a pretence of saving you from slaughter by taking your quarrel on their shoulders, are not likely to feed you at their own table. Lord, how that piece of antiquity, General Oglethorpe, swaggered across the porch at the Pantheon when I had half a mind to chastise you for your clumsiness in almost knocking me over! May I die, Sir, if I wasn't at the brink of teaching the General a lesson which he would have remembered to his dying hour—his dying hour—that is to say for exactly four minutes after I had drawn upon him."

"Ah, Dr. Goldsmith is fortunate in his friends," said Mrs. Abington. "But I hope that in future, Captain, he may reckon on your sword being drawn on his behalf, and not turned against him and his friends."

"If you are his friend, my dear Mrs. Abington, he may count upon me, I swear," cried the Captain bowing over the table.

"Good," she said. "And so I call upon you to drink to his health—a bumper, Sir, a bumper!"

The Captain showed no reluctance to pay the suggested compliment. With an air of joviality he filled his large glass up to the brim and drained it with a good-humoured, half-patronising motion in the direction of Goldsmith.

"Hang him!" he cried, when he had wiped his lips, "I bear Goldsmith no malice for his clumsiness in the porch of the Pantheon. 'Sdeath, Madam, shall the man who led a company of his Majesty's regulars in charge after charge upon the American rebels refuse to drink to the health of a little man who tinkles out his rhymes as the man at the raree show does his bells? Strike me blind, deaf, and dumb! if I am not magnanimous to my heart's core. I'll drink his health again if you challenge me."

"Nay, Captain," said the lady, "I'll be magnanimous, too, and refrain from challenging you. I sadly fear that you have been drinking too many healths during the day, Sir."

"What mean you by that, Madam?" he cried. "Do you suggest that I cannot carry my liquor with the best men at White's? If you were a man, and you gave a hint in that direction, by the Lord it would be the last that you would have a chance of offering."

"Nay, nay, Sir! I meant not that," said the actress hastily. "I will prove to you that I meant it not by challenging you to drink to Dr. Goldsmith's new comedy."

"Now you are very much my dear," said Jackson, half-emptying the brandy decanter into his glass and adding only a thimbleful of water. "Yes, your confidence in me wipes out the previous affront. 'Sblood, Madam, shall it be said that Dick Jackson, whose name made the American rebels—curse 'em!—turn as green as their own coats—shall it be said that Dick Jackson, of whom the rebel Colonel—Washington his name is—George Washington—he had considerable difficulty over the name—is accustomed to say to this day, 'Give me a hundred men—not men, but lions, like that devil Dick Jackson, and I'll sweep his Majesty's forces into the Potomac—shall it be said that—that—that the devil was I about to say—shall it be said?—never mind—here's to the health of Colonel Washington!'"

"Nay, Sir, we cannot drink to one of the King's enemies," said Mrs. Abington, rising. "'Twere scandalous, indeed, to do so in this place; and, Sir, you still wear the King's uniform."

"The devil take the King's uniform!" shouted the man. "The devils of rebels are taking a good many coats of that uniform, and let me tell you, Madam, that—nay, you must not leave the table until the toast is drunk—"

Mrs. Abington having risen, had walked across the room and seated herself on the chair over which Captain Jackson had flung his cloak.

"Hold, Sir," cried Goldsmith, dropping his knife and fork with a clatter upon his plate that made the other man give a little jump. "Hold, Sir, I perceive that you are on the side of freedom, and I would feel honoured by your permission to drink the toast that you propose. Here's success to the cause that will triumph in America."

Jackson, who was standing at the table with his glass in his hand, stared at him with the smile of a half-intoxicated man. He had just enough intelligence remaining to make him aware that there was something ambiguous in Goldsmith's toast.

"It sounds all right," he muttered as if he were trying to convince himself that his suspicions of ambiguity were groundless. "It sounds all right, and yet, strike me dizzy! if it wouldn't work both ways! Ha, my little poet," he continued, "I'm glad to see that you are a man. Drink, Sir—drink to the success of the cause in America."

Goldsmith got upon his feet and raised his glass—it contained only a light wine.

"Success to it!" he cried, and he watched Captain Jackson drain his third tumbler of brandy.

"Hark ye, my little poet!" whispered the latter very huskily, lurching across the table, and failing to notice

that his hostess had not returned to her place. "Hark ye, Sir! Cornwallis thought himself a general of generals. He thought when he court-martialled me and turned me out of the regiment, sending me back to England in a foul hulk from Boston port, that he had got rid of me. He'll find out that he was mistaken, Sir, and that one of these days—Mum's the word, mind you! If you open your lips to any human being about this, I'll cut you to pieces. I'll flay you alive! Washington is no better than Cornwallis, let me tell you. What message did he send me when he heard that I was ready to blow Cornwallis's brains out and march my company across the Potomac? I ask you, Sir, man to man—though a poet isn't quite a man—but that's my generosity. Said Washy—Washy—Wishy—Washy—Washington: 'Cornwallis's brains have been such valuable allies to the colonists, Colonel Washington would regard as his enemy any man who would make the attempt to curtail their capacity for blundering.' That's the message I got from Washington, curse him! But the Colonel isn't everybody. Mark me, my friend—whatever your name is—I've got letters—letters—"

"Yes, yes, you have letters—where?" cried Goldsmith, in the confidential whisper that the other had assumed.

His voice died away in a drunken fashion as he stared across the room at his cloak. Goldsmith saw an expression of suspicion come over his face; he saw him straighten himself and walk with an affectation of steadiness that only emphasised his intoxicated lurches, to the chair where the cloak lay. He saw him lift up the cloak and run his hand down the lining until he came to a pocket. With eager eyes he saw him extract from the pocket a leathern wallet, and with a sigh of relief slip it furtively into the bosom of his long waistcoat, where, apparently, there was another packet.

Goldsmith glanced toward Mrs. Abington. She was sitting leaning over her chair with a finger on her lips, and the same look of mischief that Sir Joshua Reynolds transferred to his picture of her as "Miss Prue." She gave a glance of smiling intelligence at Oliver, as Jackson laughed coarsely, saying huskily—

"A handkerchief—I thought I had left my handkerchief in the pocket of my cloak, and 'tis as well to make sure—that's my motto. And now, my charmer, you will see that I'm not the man to dally with treason, for I'll challenge you in a bumper to the King's most excellent Majesty. Fill up your glass, Madam; fill up yours, too, Mr.—Mr. Killjoy, we'll call you, for what the devil made

other man also stared at her through his drunken stupor, his jaw fallen.

Not a word was spoken until the waiter entered the room.

"Call a hackney coach immediately for that gentleman," said the actress, pointing to the man who alone remained—for the best of reasons—seated.

"A coach? Certainly, Madam," said the waiter, withdrawing with his bow.

"Dr. Goldsmith," resumed Mrs. Abington, "may I beg of you to have the goodness to see that person to his lodgings and to pay the cost of the hackney-coach? He is not entitled to that consideration, but I have a wish to treat him more generously than he deserves. His address is Whetstone Park, I think we may assume; and so I leave you, Sir."

She walked from the room with her chin in the air, both of the men watching her with such surprise as prevented either of them from uttering a word. It was only when she had gone that it occurred to Goldsmith that she was acting her part admirably—that she had set herself to give him an opportunity of obtaining possession of the wallet which she, as well as he, had seen Jackson transfer from the pocket of his cloak to that of his waistcoat. Surely he



Goldsmith glanced towards Mrs. Abington.

The man who was leaning across the table stared at him hazily, and then across his face there came the cunning look of the more than half-intoxicated. He straightened himself as well as he could in his chair, and then swayed limply backward and forward, laughing.

"Letters—oh, yes—plenty of letters—but where?—where?—that's my own matter—a secret," he murmured in vague tones. "The Government would give a guinea or two for my letters—one of them came from Mount Vernon itself, Mr.—whatever your name may be—and if you went to Mr. Secretary and said to him, 'Mr. Secretary'—he pronounced the word "Secrery"—"I know that Dick Jackson is a rebel," and Mr. Secretary says, 'Where are the letters to prove it?' where would you be, my clever friend? No, Sir, my brains are not like Cornwallis's, drunk or sober. Hallo! where's the lady?"

He seemed suddenly to recollect where he was. He straightened himself as well as he could, and looked sleepily across the room.

"I am here," cried Mrs. Abington, leaving the chair, across the back of which Jackson's coat was thrown. "I am here, Sir; but I protest I shall not take my place at the table again while treason is in the air."

"Treason, Madam? Who talks of treason?" cried the man with a lurch forward and a wave of the hand. "Madam, I'm shocked—quite shocked! I wear the King's coat, though that cloak is my own—my own, and all that it contains—all that—"

you show your ugly face here the fiend only knows. Mrs. Baddeley and I are the best of good friends. Isn't that the truth, sweet Mrs. Baddeley? Come, drink to my toast—whatever it may be—or, by the Lord, I'll run you through the vitals!"

Goldsmith hastened to pass the man the decanter with whatever brandy remained in it, and in another instant the decanter was empty and the man's glass was full. Goldsmith was on his feet with uplifted glass before Jackson had managed to raise himself, by the aid of a heavy hand on the table, into a standing attitude, murmuring—

"Drink, Sir! drink to my lovely friend there, the voluptuous Mrs. Baddeley. My dear Mrs. Baddeley, I have the honour to welcome you to my table, and to drink to your health, dear Madam."

He swallowed the contents of the tumbler—his fourth since he had entered the room—and the next instant he had fallen in a heap into his chair, drenched by the contents of Mrs. Abington's glass.

"That is how I accept your toast of Mrs. Baddeley, Sir," she cried, standing at the head of the table with the dripping glass still in her hand. "You drunken sot! not to be able to distinguish between me and Sophia Baddeley! I can stand the insult no longer. Take yourself out of my room, Sir!"

She gave the broad ribbon of the bell such a pull as nearly brought it down. Goldsmith having started up, stood with amazement on his face watching her, while the

should have no great difficulty in extracting the bundle from the man's pocket when in the coach.

"They're full of their whimsies, these wenches," were the first words spoken, with a free wave of an arm, by the man who had failed in his repeated attempts to lift himself out of his chair. "What did I say?—what did I do to cause that spitfire to behave like that? I feel hurt, Sir, more deeply hurt than I can express, at her behaviour. What's her name—I'm not sure if she was Mrs. Abington or Mrs. Baddeley? Anyhow, she insulted me grossly—me, Sir—me an officer who has charged his Majesty's rebels in the plantations of Virginia, where the Potomac flows down to the sea. But they're all alike. I could tell you a few stories about them, Sir, that would open your eyes, for I have been their darling always." Here he began to sing a tavern song in a loud but husky tone, for the brandy had done its work very effectively, and he had now reached what might be called—somewhat paradoxically—the high-water mark of intoxication. He was still singing when the waiter re-entered the room to announce that a hackney carriage was waiting at the door of the tavern.

At the announcement the drunken man made a grab for a decanter and flung it at the waiter's head. It missed that mark, however, and crashed among the plates which were still on the table, and in a moment the landlord and a couple of his barmen were in the room and on each side of Jackson. He made a poor show of resistance when they pinioned his arms and pushed him down the stairs

and lifted him into the hackney coach. The landlord and his assistants were accustomed to deal with promptitude with such persons, and they had shut the door of the coach before Goldsmith reached the street.

"Hold on, Sir," he cried, "I am accompanying that gentleman to his lodging."

"Nay, Doctor," whispered the landlord, who was a friend of his, "the fellow is a brawler—he will involve you in a quarrel before you reach the Strand."

"Nevertheless, I will go, my friend," said Oliver. "The lady has laid it upon me as a duty, and I must obey her at all hazards."

He got into the coach, and shouted out the address to the driver.

(To be continued.)

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Mr. Crockett's new novel, "The Grey Man," introduces the noted Scotch cannibal, Sawney Beane. Mr. Beane

Condemned to be buried alive, she justified her conduct on the lines of Swift's "Modest Proposal." Everyone, she said, would be a cannibal if they knew the charms of the pursuit.

Of this story by Boece I do not believe much. The chapbook makes Mr. Beane a native of East Lothian, but a settler in Galloway, on the seashore. Becoming a patriarch, with a tribe of grandchildren, Beane adopted cannibalism as a profession. "The whole country was almost depopulated." They killed, these Macbeanes, all witnesses of their deeds, and slew about a thousand people. James VI. himself headed a party of inquirers, who discovered Sawney, with the aid of bloodhounds. The men were dismembered and left to bleed to death; the women were burned alive. But all this was a century and more after Boece's date of 1459; the scene, too, is different—Galloway, not Angus. Mr. Crockett, I presume, follows the chapbook, as the date of his tale is after the Reformation.

the servants to drink twice of it." Once Dick disloyally stole a "tear-piece" of the Royal Martyr, "a silver medal of King Charles I., washed with gold," with a pearl for a tear, attached to the same. But yesterday did I "pick up" (that is, pay far too much for) such a tear-piece, with the Queen's head on the reverse. Perhaps this was from Mr. Turpin's collection. "Tip me the cole" was his favourite request: *cole=rag=cof=coin* of the realm. Having robbed a gentleman near London in the morning, Mr. Turpin was found playing bowls at York in the evening. The *alibi* was provided by his celebrated ride, which Mr. Whibley declares to be mythical, as far as Dick is concerned. Mr. Turpin "possessed a heart capable of feeling for the distresses of a fellow creature, and a spirit of generosity." But his virtues were exceedingly intermittent. Of a convivial temper, he was aware of the consequences of excess, and would exclaim, "Let's bung our eyes with drink!" A partiality for the Turf seems to have been the original cause of Turpin's departure from strict rectitude. He was averse from literary pursuits, and it does not seem certain that he



CHEZ ROMNEY.—BY W. A. BREAKSPEARE.

In the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

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appears, as Thucydides says, to have "won his way to the mythical."

Writing far from libraries, I have not Pitcairn's "Criminal Trials" before me, but I do not remember Sawney in Pitcairn. This is the less surprising, if Sawney was merely put to death without any trial at all, "red-handed in the act," like Gabriel, who killed his pupils in a wood opposite the Old Town of Edinburgh. That Sawney and his family met this summary doom is stated in the common chapbook about him. Consequently there can be no official record of his dark deeds.

Hector Boece, or Boetius, is stigmatised by Monkbarns as a pillar of falsehood. Boece gives an account of a Scotch cannibal, to be found in the 1574 edition of his continuation of his History of Scotland. We learn that a brigand, "about" 1479, lived at Fenisden in Angus, and, with his family, devoured young people as he could come by them. He and his were burned alive, except a girl of twelve months old. She was educated at Dundee, not of course at the new University College there. When she was twelve, she was caught in an act of cannibalism. So powerful are hereditary instincts, even when acquired by the parents, and Dr. Weismann may reflect on this.

Without documentary evidence, Sawney seems a fabulous character, the Mrs. Harris of crime. That war in the New Hebrides is still a mere prelude to cannibalism I know by unimpeachable evidence of an example only a few months old. A missionary buried the bodies of the fallen, but to no avail. They were dug up, and eaten. As a rule, cannibalism among savages now seems to be mainly ceremonial, with the purpose of absorbing the virtues of the dead men. In the New Hebrides, however, there are still Sawney Beanes.

In the same volume of chapbooks as Sawney figures in, I find a history of Mr. Richard Turpin, who put the old lady on the fire to make her give up her *rag*. *Rag* is equivalent to *cof*, or money, or was equivalent thereto in 1730. Another old slang term gone out of use is "to perch," for "to die." "Her Majesty is a percher," says a political correspondence of Queen Anne's time. Can "perch" be connected with "to hop the twig"? A good historical dictionary of slang would be full of interest. Some words survive, as "tick" for credit (1680); others, as "perch" and "rag" (for money), disappear.

This is a horrid cruelty of Dick Turpin's. He "burgled" the house of Mr. Laurence, "and in his search, meeting with a bottle of elder wine, he obliged

could read and write. On the whole, Turpin's character does not seem to justify the popular admiration, though he was regarded as an excellent horseman.

In an age which may be described, in Keats's phrase, as "gushy," a remarkable example of sobriety of statement was lately shown by a little girl. Flowered, exuberant, and pathetic styles were her aversion. Being ordered to tell the story of David, Nathan, and the poor man who had but one ewe lamb that lay in his bosom, this iron-hearted lass described him as "a man who had a sheep that sat on his chest." If she goes on, she will be such a critic as Lord Bowen was when he changed "the sanguinary banner of Castille," in an article, into "the bloody Spanish flag." Lord Bowen was editing the *London Review*, I think, a scion of the old *Saturday Review*, which lived and died early, some thirty years ago.

My taste may be execrable, but I do think that the coloured prints of children in Shaksperian characters in Mrs. E. Nesbit's "Shakspeare for Children" (Tuck) are the prettiest things I have seen for a very long time. Romeo and Juliet (*etat. viii.*) are delicious, so is the tiny Shrew, and the baby Titania with Bottom. They are well worth looking at, though they may please seniors more than children.



ROSALIND (MISS JULIA NEILSON).

CELIA (MISS FAY DAVIS).

ORLANDO (MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER).

"AS YOU LIKE IT," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

CELIA: "Go to—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?" ORLANDO: "I will,"



ROE DEER SHOOTING IN AUSTRIA.

By R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

In his up-to-date *Life of Gordon* (Fisher Unwin), Mr. Boulger has not offered us very much that is absolutely new. But he has arranged his material in such a skilful manner as almost to present the appearance of novelty, and upon old facts he has shed the light of criticism which is as informatory as it is fresh. He is an ardent hero-worshipper, though of the judicious and impartial kind, and yet we feel, when reading these painstaking and elaborate pages of his, that there was an indefinable something about the character of his hero which he has failed to catch, or, at least, to convey. As Caesar's wife was above suspicion, so Gordon's actions were beyond criticism of the ordinary kind. For he was eccentric to a degree, as well in his actions as his beliefs; but what eccentricities do we not overlook in genius? Gordon certainly was a genius of the military kind, and yet he sometimes set at defiance all the laws of the military art. It is all very well for Mr. Boulger to saddle Lord Cromer and Lord Wolsley with the divided responsibility of Gordon's doom; but we should have liked to see him discuss at greater length the question of Gordon's own share in the catastrophe which overtook him. To use a rather homely simile, the martyr of Khartoum simply took the bit between his teeth and bolted—a result which was partially due to the fact that no proper understanding had been established between him and the Government before he left London, for he left in such a tremendous, but quite unnecessary hurry. Yet, if Lord Wolsley had hurried to the rescue of Gordon with the same headlong impetuosity as Gordon himself had shown in hastening to the relief of Khartoum, it is more than probable that he would have been saved. The Khartoum chapters are by far the most interesting in Mr. Boulger's scholarly, painstaking, and impartial work.

The Letters of Victor Hugo, translated by F. Clark, M.A.—Vol. I., 1815-1835 (Methuen and Co.), appear simultaneously with the publication in Paris of the French originals. The earliest letter in the collection was written when Hugo was a boy of thirteen, the latest when at thirty-three he was famous as a poet and a dramatist, and last, not least, as the author of "Notre Dame de Paris." In the interval he had undergone several transformations, which were to be followed by others still more startling. He who ended his career as a champion of the Social and Democratic Republic began it as a staunch Royalist and Catholic—bent, he said, on becoming another Chateaubriand—as well as a Classicist in style and treatment. For his loyalty to Church and State he was rewarded by Louis XVIII. with a pension, and received an invitation from Charles X. to witness the coronation at Rheims of the last of the Bourbon Kings of France. But the closing years of Charles's reign found Hugo the champion of the Romanticists in their fierce and at last successful struggle with the Classicists. With the Revolution of 1830 he became an Orleanist, and ten years after the date of the latest letter in this collection he was made by Louis Philippe a peer of France. The letters now published are valuable chiefly as indicating the characteristic qualities of Hugo's youth and early manhood. They show him in a very amiable light, an affectionate son and brother, at least for many years a devoted husband, and always a devoted father, a warm friend, and ever ready to help distressed merit. But lively and readable though his letters be—those to his children are uniformly charming—they add little that is new or interesting to our knowledge of the history and biography of the movement of which he was one of the leaders, and which worked a revolution in the literature of France almost comparable to that effected in English literature by Wordsworth and Shelley, Scott and Byron, during the first decades of the present century. The volume includes a fascicle of letters from Hugo to Sainte-Beuve, but they turn chiefly on the critic's appreciation of the poet's productions, and on the alienation, left unexplained, which terminated their friendship.

The elaborate volume called "London Old and New," which Messrs. Cassell issued some years ago, has now been followed by a similar book—*Manchester Old and New*—written by Mr. William Arthur Shaw, of Owens College, and elaborately illustrated by Mr. H. E. Tidmarsh. This method of dealing with local history is a distinct advance upon the antiquarian treatment which has held the field far too long. For this "school of infinitesimal research," as Mr. Leslie Stephen once described antiquarianism, is precluded by the very nature of its methods from taking a comprehensive sweep of any subject or of proving interesting beyond a small local circle. And Manchester is so notable an example of the extraordinary growth of English commerce within the century that to deal with it in a finicking way is useless. Then it has sought to equip itself educationally and municipally in a manner which the capital itself has failed to imitate. Thus these three handsome volumes by Mr. Shaw, while primarily interesting to the North-countryman, will attract the attention of everybody to whom history is of any moment.

Mrs. Tom Kelly produced a few years ago a story called "Time and Chance"; she has now written another with the title of *A Liddy in Her Ain Richt* (Hurst and Blackett), which shows decided progress in her art. It certainly does not belong to that new class of work in novel-writing which depends on naughtiness of every kind. A novel without a bad or wicked person in it is not quite new, but it certainly is exceptional, and particularly so at the present time, when the sensational is so much in demand. Still here, with very simple materials, Mrs. Kelly has produced a piece that attracts and holds the reader from beginning to end. This story being essentially idyllic, it may perhaps remind some readers of the good people of Drumtochty; but there is a difference: the Drumtochty characters are given to us in a style that might be described as a *carte-de-visite* book—most beautifully touched portraits they are—light and shade perfect—all that an artist could desire; but there is no plot or form of a story in them. Mrs. Kelly gives us what some may consider quite

as artistic portraits—there are fewer of them, of course, for the author has a plot; it is very simple, and will be found quite satisfactory at the end—and her portraits are kept, as a painter would say, in subjection to the whole composition.

The bicycle is struggling hard into fiction. It has got beyond the first barrier in Mr. H. G. Wells's *Wheels of Chance* (Dent), which is something a good deal better than merely what is needed to satisfy the fanatics of the sport in their early attacks of mania. It is a very good story, apart from bicycling incidents and allusions; and it steadily improves to the end, growing in force and in human interest. One feels at the beginning as if one must protect the hero from Mr. Wells's gibes and satires, and make a hot defence of the maligned class of drapers' assistants, who, a cool observer must acknowledge, sometimes have muscles and deep chests, and, presumably, cannot always be muffs and fatuous idiots. But such defence is premature. Mr. Wells knows what he is about, and turns Hoopdriver into a very pretty Knight of Chivalry indeed, in spite of his want of athletic training and his ingrained habits of exaggerated deference and his Cockney speech. The pursuit of the runaway girl, who has gone to "lead her own life," and in her innocence has trusted to the counsel of an older man, who sees in her confidence a pretty opportunity for elopement, leads to some startling incidents, the interest in which culminates in the Pickwickian enterprise of the girl's stepmother and her three attendant young men, all zealous for service and each madly jealous of the other. The Ripley Road has got out of the penny athletic paper and almost into literature.

Of *A Capful o' Nails* (Chatto), his new book, Mr. Christie Murray says it "was written in dead earnest." It needed no preface to tell us that. The story is one of the most strenuous bits of work we have seen for a long time. It must have been conceived, and carried out too, at white, not red, heat. It is like nothing so much as an extract from Dickens, not at all like a novel of Dickens—the plan is too simple, the canvas too narrow. But when Dickens was in dead earnest about a crying wrong, and on fire with sympathy for humble folk, he wrote just in this temper, and very much in this style. He would have woven a multitude of various circumstances round the story, of course; Salter's history would have been but an incident in the drama. But in essentials Mr. Christie Murray is a worthy follower. And even the minor characters, like the brothers Brambler, mad Jerry and sturdy, kindly Joseph, have something of the great master's pattern about them; so has the little sensitive, observant urchin, watching everything, remembering everything, and telling it all when he has grown to manhood. But the matter, not the method, is the main thing here. It is a story with a definite, a clamouring purpose—to paint the state of slavery in which Englishmen may live and die, and the brutes they may become, ready to turn and rend everyone that would pull them out of their degradation, lest the master's whip should fall on them while they are trying to rise and escape. He describes a picture of things that have to some extent passed away, but only to some extent, as all who know anything of the nail-makers in the Midlands must own. Mr. Murray has plucked a bit of real life, and set it down in his book here.

To those about to propose we commend the study of *A Modern Siren* (Digby, Long, and Co.). Within a dozen pages one girl receives three of the most unprovoked proposals, couched in language appropriate either to the character or to the country of the aspirant. The philosopher urges his suit thus: "Your modesty pleases me as much as your more shining qualities, but though you may now have a humble opinion of yourself, you may, in course of time, with the training I shall give you, become an Aspasia, a—Queen Elizabeth, a—Madame de Maintenon, or a—Lady Jane Grey." The Italian officer, with, if possible, even less encouragement, plunges thus into the business: "Stay!" exclaimed Lorenzo, losing all his calm. "Do you see those bright stars and that radiant moon suspended like a lamp from the bright dome of the sky? Brighter than those are you to me, Lilith, my beloved. Be my queen and my wife! I will take you to my Italy, and we will live for each other for ever!" But the proposal of the English squire and baronet and hero is the one for use in this climate: "Sir Guy was pacing the room with a pale face in evident agitation. Lilith shook hands with him tranquilly and sat down, inviting him to do the same. 'I'm afraid I shall seem to you presumptuous in what I am going to say,' Sir Guy began in low, measured tones, slowly, as if he weighed his words. 'If you think so, I hope you'll treat me as I deserve. I have come to ask you to be my wife.'" In a word, "A Modern Siren" is an unconscious burlesque.

Almost every incident that has ever done duty in melodrama is served up to us in *The World's Great Snare* (Ward and Downey), but, like the pieces of the aged ram flung into Medea's kettle, these incidents are surprisingly transformed into something fresh and appetising. Our old, old friend, the wicked nobleman, betrays in the old, old way—by a sham marriage—the poor clergyman's daughter of a thousand and one melodramas, and the child of their union is the hero. Then the usual packet of mysterious proofs of the hero's parentage and of his legitimacy are bandied about in the usual hunt-the-slipper fashion, leading the hero a dance after them from one lawless district of America to another. In these districts we know, or ought to know by this time, that there is but one expression of offence, annoyance, suspicion, or dislike—a revolver bullet. The revolver, in fact, is in such daily and deadly use as to suggest that the mining districts must be depopulated once a month at least. In "The World's Great Snare" it plays a kind of "general utility" part, disposing of the villains or covering the hero with glory, as required. It is only when tried by that other touchstone of heroism—his treatment of women—that the hero fails, for his allowing Myra to purchase for him his fare to England and one of the mysterious packets by the sale of herself to the man she loathed most in the world was an incredibly curriish baseness. But if "The World's Great Snare" is pure melodrama, it is an uncommonly good story of its stirring kind.

A LITERARY LETTER.

How far is an editor entitled to have a book from his own pen reviewed and commended in the sheet which he edits? That is a question which has often been asked, and one or two editors have not scrupled to answer it by very flattering notices of themselves. The latest offender is Mr. Cooper, the editor of the *Scotsman*. In this great journal a couple of columns are given to "An Editor's Retrospect: Fifty Years of Newspaper Work." The book is no doubt all that the *Scotsman* says it is; the stories, we may be sure, are, as is stated, "particularly amusing" and "excellently told." Personally, I have not the slightest doubt but that Mr. Cooper is, as the reviewer further proceeds to inform us, "a model of generosity to all his associates in journalism" and "a genial and able man"; but what earthly value are all these compliments in a paper in which Mr. Cooper has the power to cut out just as much as he likes of his contributor's matter?

The Students' Representative Council of the University of Edinburgh has just published a special number of their magazine, the *Student*, in a gorgeous gold cover, with contributions from many of the famous alumni. Mr. J. M. Barrie contributes a delightful sketch of some amateur cricketing. Mr. Crockett provides an epitaph in the following words—

Hic jacet one who tried to contribute to this album. His intentions were good, his execution feeble, but he died trying.

and explains to Professor Masson that it was because he had a story of 120,000 words to deliver by Sept. 15 that it was impossible for him to do more. Dr. Conan Doyle, another of the sons of Edinburgh University, gives a Sherlock Holmes experience; and altogether one leaves the *Student* with an impression that all our famous Britons have been educated within the bounds of Auld Reekie.

The Winter Number of the *Artist* devotes itself to a consideration of the art of Frederick Sandys, and will be interesting to Meredith students and collectors from the fact that it publishes Mr. Sandys' portrait of the late Mrs. George Meredith, from a chalk drawing in the possession of the great novelist.

The new edition of Mr. Meredith's novels opens with "Richard Feverel" in two beautiful volumes. Now that the *Academy* has made it quite clear that no material alterations have been made by the author, one may secure one or other of the thousand copies which have been subscribed for by the booksellers with the greatest possible zest. The publishers, of course, are A. Constable and Co., of Westminster. It is curious, by the way, to see some of their advertisements spelling it "Feverell." There is a very fine portrait of Mr. Meredith, from a drawing by John S. Sargent, A.R.A., in the first volume.

I have just learned from Mr. Arthur Waugh's interesting letter in the *New York Critic* that Mr. Heinemann has been telling an interviewer that his review copies for the Press cost him £2000 a year. As well might that enterprising publisher inform the public the extent of his gas account or the rent of his offices. These are all part of his business expenses, and, as Mr. Heinemann gets a much better advertisement out of any ten-line paragraph on a book for at least one-fifth the cost of his other advertisement expenditure, the less that he says about the expense the better.

Book-reviewing in our own day, it may be urged, amounts to little more than advertisement, whether the notice be one of praise or blame. Criticism in the old sense can hardly be said to exist. Time was, I think, when reviewer and reviewed did not know much about one another, and the reviewer generally felt it his duty to take a very strenuous line. In nine cases out of ten he condemned a book; in the tenth case, his word of praise in a high-class journal was bound to establish that book's reputation. At the present day nearly every book is praised, a fact arising from the immense solidarity of the literary and journalistic profession. The praise amounts to little more than a compliment, which serves the purpose of letting the public know that such and such a book is in existence, and tells them what it is about. No one is so unreasonable as to buy the book on the strength of the praise alone. The good book always finds its level—as largely, I fancy, through the medium of conversation as through the Press. Nevertheless, the newspaper, alike in its review column and its advertisement column, cannot be dispensed with. It tells the public the books that are on the way, and keeps the patrons of circulating libraries on the alert.

The *New York Times* has alighted upon a novel method of advertising itself through the medium of the prize mania. It offered a prize of £20 for a phrase not exceeding ten words which should more adequately express the meaning contained in the motto, "All the News That's Fit to Print"—a motto which is nightly displayed upon an illuminated sheet outside the publishing office. Thousands of post-cards were received, and these were sifted by the staff of the *Times* and reduced to 150 phrases, all of which are published in the last issue to hand. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, the distinguished editor of the *Century Magazine*, is to decide which is the best of these one hundred and fifty mottoes. Some few of the competitors break out in verse—

On these pages, readers see
Everything that ought to be.

Latest news from all climes
Published daily in the *Times*.

If in the *Times* 'tis writ
'Tis decent, pungent, forceful, fit.

I observe that the name of Sir Douglas Straight is omitted from the usual heading to the *Pall Mall Magazine*. It would seem that Lord Frederiek Hamilton is now sole editor, and that Sir Douglas Straight is devoting all his attention to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The story by Robert Louis Stevenson now running serially in the *Pall Mall Magazine* is a magnificent piece of work, and will unquestionably take rank as one of Stevenson's most important literary achievements.

C. K. S.

ART NOTES.

Among the figure-painters at the Institute, Mr. Edgar Bundy and Mr. W. A. Breakspeare hold a prominent place, and their contributions to the exhibition now open are good specimens of their respective styles. Mr. Bundy has chosen for his subject an episode in the fortunes of Barnaby Rudge when on his way to London with his mother. The "fine old country gentleman" to whose house Barnaby had taken his raven to show off its tricks is well depicted—brutal, boisterous, and overbearing; but the real interest centres in the historic bird, which may well represent the "Sage," whose career in the Dickens household was the source of constant interest and anxiety, and ended with the sepulchral cry of "Cuckoo," keeping to the last his eye on the meat as it roasted before the kitchen fire. Mr. Breakspeare perhaps allows his fancy to run riot in his rendering of Romney's studio in Cavendish Square; but in making Lady Hamilton—or Emma Lyons, as she probably then was—the principal figure, he has duly recognised the part she played in the artist's career. Whether from vanity or good-nature, she offered herself as his model for allegorical pictures as well as for portraiture; and the fame of her beauty doubtless attracted to Romney's studio patrons and patronesses who were more remunerative.

The Exhibitions of the Society of British Artists are either dolefully commonplace or startlingly eclectic. This winter's exhibition—which is limited to members' works—falls within the former category. Mr. R. C. Bunny is the boldest in experimental painting, and his "Eos," his most important work, although good in colour, is lacking in drawing. Mr. William Hunt hides "The Lady of Shalott" in impenetrable mist, and Mr. R. Machell endeavours in his "Love" to revive the allegorical methods of William Blake, but its harsh brick-colour would have jarred upon his master's sense. Mr. Cayley Robinson's "The Foundling" and Mr. Graham Robertson's "Viola and Olivia" (the latter in water colours) are apparently efforts to revive an interest in Pre-Raphaelitism. As a rule, the landscapes are more satisfactory than the figure subjects. Mr. Arnold Helekké and Mr. Julius Olsson deal with some of the more abstruse problems of sunlight, whilst Mr. Arthur Ryle, Mr. J. F. Sheard, and Mr. William Manners deal respectively with Scotch, Egyptian, and Yorkshire scenes with greater simplicity and more complete mastery of their subjects.

Exhibitions of English Humorous Art have been fairly frequent during the past ten years, but the collection of drawings brought together at the Fine Art Society's Gallery is more evenly balanced than most of its predecessors. By means of 350 pictures it might be possible

to give some idea of the artists who worked in the satiric line from the days of Hogarth to the present time; but of their art and its scope we should have but a limited idea. An attempt—and, it must be added, a very successful one—

has been made to give something like a pictorial history of the development of humorous art, and to trace its present mild and often genial "chaff" back to the days when our manners were brutal and their flagellants not less so. Hogarth was essentially a moralist: possibly Mr. Phil May, Mr. Bernard Partridge, and others may claim the same title among contemporary artists. The only complaint we have is that the managers of the exhibition have attempted to do too much, and that a separation of the political from the social subjects would have been more satisfactory from every point of view.

The announcement that the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House will be exclusively confined to the works of the late Lord Leighton will be received with surprise, no such distinction under his Presidentship having been conferred upon any other artist by the Royal Academy. Reynolds and Gainsborough, Turner and Landseer, John Phillip and Frank Holl have, among others, had special rooms devoted to their works, but they have never claimed the whole of the exhibition, although their work was far more varied and wider in its range than Leighton's. According to Mr. Algernon Graves's accurate work, Lord Leighton's exhibited pictures were very little over two hundred and fifty; and although he probably painted others, it is likely that he reserved for exhibition only those which he considered the most worthy.

THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER.

The announcement that Lo-Feng-Luh is to be the new Chinese Minister to England has more interest than is usually attached to the appointment of foreign envoys to this country, for Lo-Feng-Luh became quite a popular personage as the interpreter and chief secretary of Li-Hung-Chang during the recent stay of the Grand Old Man of China within our gates. The unflinching tact and courtesy which the new Minister then displayed in his support of the Grand Secretary made a most favourable impression on all who came in contact with him, and it will be remembered that Mr. Gladstone thanked him in the most cordial terms for his intermediate share in the conversation which took place at Hawarden. Lo-Feng-Luh has now been First Secretary to Li-Hung-Chang for some eighteen years; but he has also distinguished himself in other spheres of action, having at one time been Assistant Governor of Peh-Chili. He is not only a most accomplished linguist, but a keen student of Western politics and civilisation generally. His particularly fluent command of the English language and his knowledge of English life are due to the fact that, as a young man, he resided in London for some time and attended lectures at King's College.



Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

LO-FENG-LUH, THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER TO GREAT BRITAIN.



BARNABY RUDGE.—BY EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

In the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

Copyright reserved by the Artist.



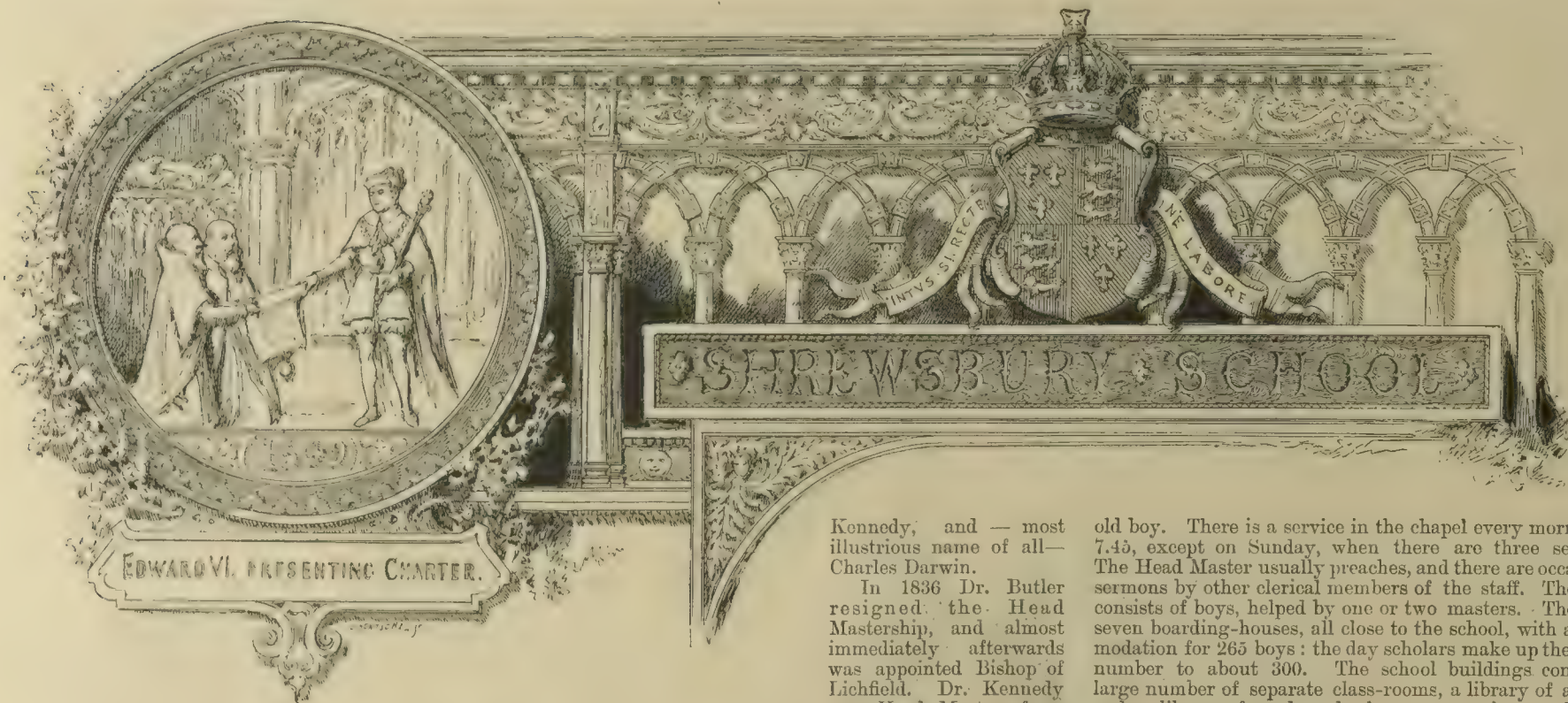
HIGHLAND POACHERS.—BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT BLENHEIM: DEPARTURE OF THE ROYAL GUESTS FROM THE PALACE.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Mellon Prior.

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND, No. X



Shrewsbury School was founded in 1551 by King Edward VI., and endowed from escheated tithes. Its endowment was increased by Queen Elizabeth in 1572. Appropriately enough, on the door of the Head Master's house is the inscription, "Et erunt reges nutrices tui et reginae nutrices tue"—"Kings shall be thy nursing-fathers and queens thy nursing-mothers." Among the names still to be seen in the entrance-book of the first Head Master are those of Philip Sidney and his friend Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brook, the Platonic poet. The school passed through many vicissitudes in subsequent reigns. It flourished greatly in the time of the Civil War, thanks to the ability of two successive Head Masters, the first a Royalist, who was expelled by the Parliament and gave vent to his sorrow and indignation in a note-book still in the possession of the school; the other a Puritan, who suffered similarly at the Restoration. When King Charles I. held his Court in Shrewsbury, the school lodged and entertained some of his most prominent supporters, and was also permitted to contribute out of its funds to the royal necessities. The most distinguished *alumnus* of the school in the seventeenth century was George Savile, the great Marquis of Halifax; it also reared in that century a very different man, the notorious Judge Jeffreys. Contemporary portraits of both hang in the Head Master's house. In the eighteenth century, owing to the injudicious appointment of masters, the school sank to a very low level. Its fortunes were happily revived by the selection for the Head Mastership in 1798 of that learned scholar and able teacher, Samuel Butler. His grandson and namesake has just published an account of his life, and, with the aid of his carefully preserved correspondence, has produced a striking representation of the man. Dr. Butler raised the numbers of the school to close upon

various adverse circumstances the numbers of the school declined during a portion of that time, but his brilliant scholarship and extraordinary power as a teacher made remarkable additions to the already long list of University distinctions which Dr. Butler handed on to him. Lord Thring, Sir J. T. Hibbert, the late H. A. J. Munro, editor of *Lucretius*; Professor J. E. B. Mayor, editor of *Juvenal*; the late W. G. Clark, editor of *Shakspeare* in conjunction with Mr. Aldis Wright; the late Right Hon. H. Cecil Raikes, Dr. Walsham How, Bishop of Wakefield, among others, were educated at Shrewsbury during his Head Mastership. In 1882, when the site of the school was changed, it was pointed out, as an illustration of the influence which Shrewsbury had exercised on classical studies, that of the sixty-five Porson Prizes which had been awarded at Cambridge between 1824 and that date, thirty-six had fallen to Shrewsbury. In 1866 Dr. Kennedy resigned the Head Mastership, and shortly afterwards was appointed Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge. His successor was the present Head Master, the Rev. H. W. Moss, who had been Dr. Kennedy's pupil, as Dr. Kennedy had been Dr. Butler's, and who, like Dr. Butler, was under twenty-five at the time of his election.

In 1862 the Public Schools Act, which dealt with seven schools—Winchester, Eton, Westminster, Shrewsbury, Rugby, Harrow, and Charterhouse—received the Queen's sanction, and in due course a new governing body was constituted for Shrewsbury. Among its first members were Dr. Bateson, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge (Chairman), Dr. Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, Sir James Paget, Sir John Hibbert (the present Chairman), Dr. Kennedy, and Professor Jowett. After long consideration, it was decided to remove the school to a larger and more commodious site on the outskirts of Shrewsbury, and in 1882 the removal was effected. Twenty-seven acres of land were bought in the first instance; subsequent purchases have nearly doubled this acreage. The present site of the school is a high plateau overlooking the Severn. From the school buildings the grounds slope down to the river, on the bank of which is the boat-house. A keen interest is taken in boating, and in the summer the bumping-races attract numerous spectators. For many years there was an annual boat-race against Cheltenham College, but as Cheltenham was seriously handicapped by its distance from a river, and suffered eleven successive defeats, Shrewsbury now rows against Bedford School instead. The cricket-field, one of the finest in England, occupies the south-western portion of the grounds. It is a dead level of some eighteen acres, and commands a charming view of the South Shropshire hills. Further on to the west and north are three fields which are used for practising or small games. Association football is played in the winter—last year the school contributed five members to the Oxford and Cambridge elevens. To the north of the cricket-field is a spacious covered swimming-bath, with all the usual accessories; it is heated in the winter. Not far from this is a workshop, where some forty boys learn carpentering; near the workshop, again, are several fives courts, two of them covered. Between the workshop and the fives courts is a portion of the old school-wall, a relic of the past dutifully preserved, on which only a select few possess the coveted privilege of carving their names.

We next come to the Chapel, designed by Sir A. Blomfield. The chancel is a memorial to Dr. Kennedy, built at a cost of about four thousand pounds, with money contributed by his old pupils and friends. The chapel contains five stained-glass windows by Messrs. Burlison and Grylls, and five by Mr. C. E. Kempe, who is now engaged upon a sixth. It has accommodation for about four hundred. The beautifully carved oak screen between the ante-chapel and the nave, and the oak pulpit, are Jacobean work, transferred from the old chapel. The choir stalls were formerly in Manchester Cathedral, and are the gift of an

old boy. There is a service in the chapel every morning at 7.45, except on Sunday, when there are three services. The Head Master usually preaches, and there are occasional sermons by other clerical members of the staff. The choir consists of boys, helped by one or two masters. There are seven boarding-houses, all close to the school, with accommodation for 265 boys: the day scholars make up the whole number to about 300. The school buildings contain a large number of separate class-rooms, a library of ancient and a library of modern books, a gymnasium, and three



Photo Lafayette, Dublin.

THE REV. H. W. MOSS, M.A., HEAD MASTER OF SHREWSBURY AND PREBENDARY OF HEREFORD.

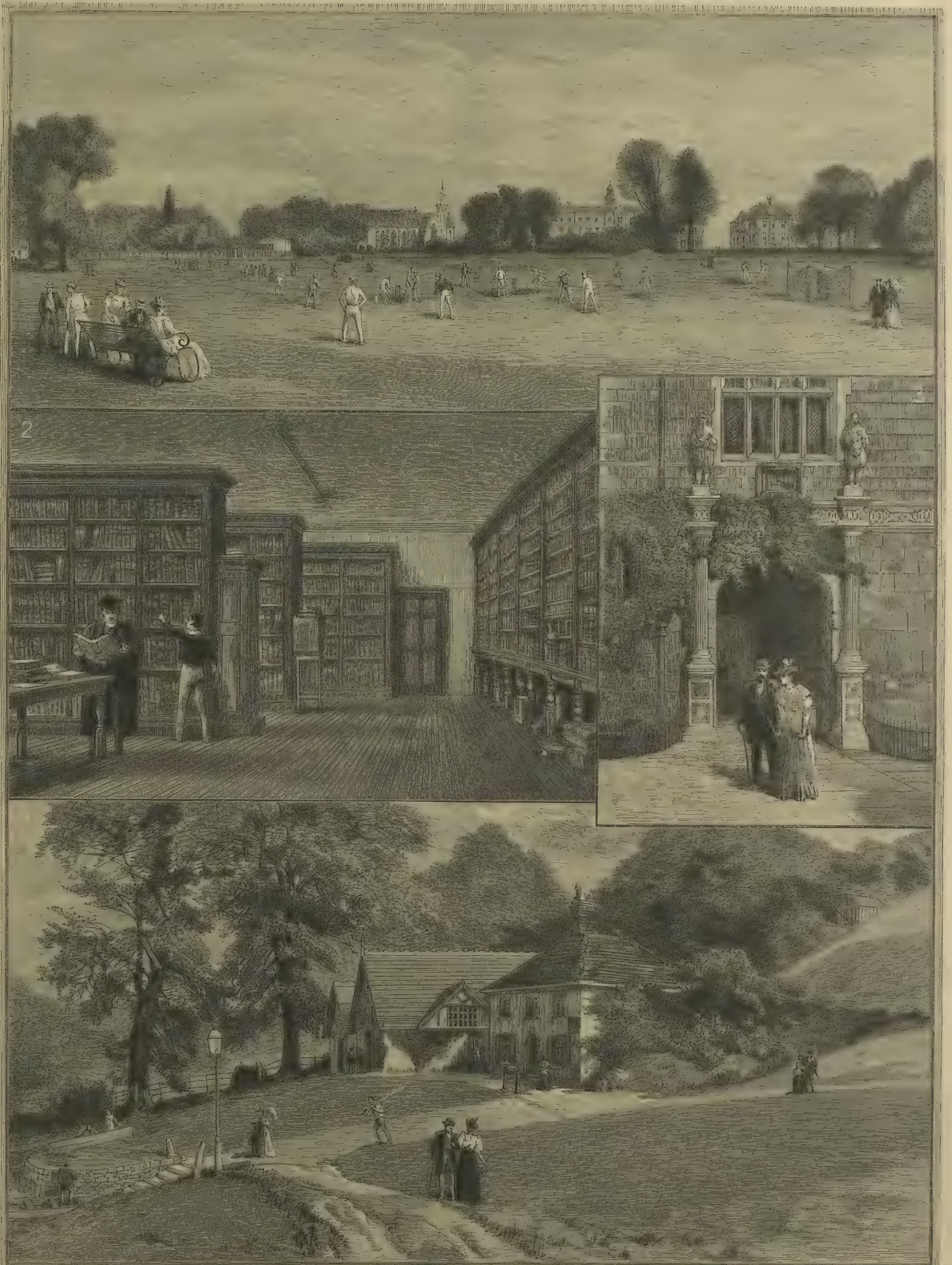
rooms devoted to theoretical and practical science. While the classical teaching is as efficient as ever, other requirements have been recognised by the establishment of a Modern Side—a Science Department and an Army Class.

In 1888 the Speeches, intermitted for more than forty years, were revived, the late Archbishop of York (Dr. Thomson) making the speech of the occasion. At the Speeches last year the present Archbishop of York (Dr. Maclagan) performed a similar function. This year Professor Jebb, M.P., gave an admirable and stimulating address. In the course of it he said, "The names of which Shrewsbury School is most justly proud are household words in a still larger world. At the Universities, more particularly, many of those names stand as types of the most finished scholarship which this country has produced, as models of excellence which have kindled the emulation of successive generations, or as shining examples of success in one of the noblest and one of the most difficult of arts, the art of teaching. . . . But there is one attribute of this school which no one can fully appreciate until he has seen it—I mean the rare beauty of its natural surroundings. I suppose there can be no other school in England—great as are the charms and advantages of situation which many of them possess—which is quite so favoured in this respect. . . . A beautiful situation such as this is an incalculable advantage to a school in every way, physically, mentally, and morally. The influence of natural beauty acts insensibly on the whole nature. It is not merely a benefit while we are actually in its presence; it leaves an imprint on the memory which is a permanent source of pleasure, and it unconsciously moulds the perceptive faculty." It is to be feared that no artist's pencil, however skilful, can adequately reproduce the singular loveliness of situation which Professor Jebb describes in such eloquent terms. And the country immediately beyond, often traversed by the boys in their runs and paper-chases, is almost equally attractive.



FROM A CARVING IN WOOD IN HEAD MASTER'S HOUSE.

three hundred boys, and among his many eminent pupils may be mentioned the late Archbishop of York (Dr. Thomson), the late Bishop of Manchester (Dr. Fraser), the Earl of Cranbrook, Richard Shilleto, Robert Scott, F. A. Paley, Sir Charles Newton, Sir Daniel Lysons, Benjamin Hall



1. The Cricket-Field. 2. The Library. 3. Entrance to the Old School. 4. The Boat-House.

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND: SHREWSBURY.



THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND: SHREWSBURY.



1. The Old School.

2. Front of the present School Buildings.

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND: SHREWSBURY.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I have never seen Lord Rosebery but three or four times in my life, but I have always been given to understand that he is a hard-headed, shrewd, common-sense Scotsman, not likely to utter platitudes in cases where nothing is to be gained by uttering them. Yet that speech of his last week at the inaugural lecture of the Edinburgh United Liberal Committee swarmed with commonplaces. Its subject was Parliamentary oratory, and never had a speaker a greater chance to get at the kernel of this much-debated question than had the late leader of the Liberals. He not only lost the chance, but, moreover, "lost an admirable opportunity for holding his tongue," as the French have it. For the man who can treat Parliamentary oratory from one point of view only ought not to treat it at all.

The Dutch States-General, for instance, unimportant as its debates are as a rule to the rest of Europe, contains admirable speakers; so does the Belgian Parliament. Both in Berlin and in Vienna connoisseurs crowd the galleries when certain members are expected to address the House at length; yet it is very certain that these connoisseurs, after having heard our best Parliamentary debaters once, would not walk a dozen yards to hear them a second time, simply because English Parliamentary oratory lacks the fluency and elegance to which they are used, and which, if the truth were known, appeals much more to their admiration than the thoughtfulness and humour of our native eloquence.

It is very doubtful, indeed, whether the late Duc d'Audéfort-Pasquier, the present veteran Duc de Broglie—nay, M. Jaurès, the great Socialist orator, or M. le Comte de Mun, who fights on the other side, would have found aught to admire in the pleasant bantering style of which Lords Beaconsfield and Granville were such consummate masters. I say it is doubtful; I feel quite certain that they would not have admired, for Ernest Picard, who tried that kind of thing in the French Chamber, had practically to give it up. His colleagues—even the friendly ones—refused to take him *au sérieux*; and when the late Bishop Freppel attempted to settle important national questions in a lively, trenchant, but by no means stilted way, not only his constituents, but his flock gave him to understand that it was not only unbecoming a representative of the nation, but a representative of God. The last time I saw the jolly Bishop of Angers at his best was in his Parliamentary duel with Paul Bert on a subject connected with the liability of the seminarist to military service. Paul Bert was distinctly the worse orator of the two; not a gleam of humour, a great deal of invective, and what at the first, blush seemed, but was in reality far from, unanswerable logic. Freppel's plentiful illustrations from everyday life, intermingled now and again with a popular locution, had not the slightest effect. When he stepped from the rostrum I could see disappointment in every one of his friend's faces. It was Saturday afternoon. There was no Sunday edition of the *Globe*, so I was not bound to write. I considered Freppel's speech such a clever one that I sat down there and then and penned a column and three quarters about it.

No one admired the late Jules Simon more than I. Half-an-hour's chat with him on any subject used to be sufficient to stock my mind for a fortnight. There was nothing I delighted in more than to go and hear him speak at the Institute: yet whenever it was my duty—for I never did it willingly—to go and listen to him at the Luxembourg, I came away depressed. I have heard Keir Hardie and Mr. John Burns. I admire neither; yet I would sooner sit and listen to them than to the working men's representative at the Palais-Bourbon. In spite of this, there is not the least doubt that Basly and his colleagues are more cultured speakers than their English counterparts, but, while watching the latter, I do not feel the mad desire to rush outside in order to ascertain if London is being devoured by flames in just punishment for the wickedness of the capitalist.

There is a wonderful story of Madame de Staël's frantically applauding Mirabeau one day. The great tribune being the most inveterate opponent of her father, M. Necker, the daughter, of course, had started for the sitting with quite a different intent. Mirabeau's eloquence had carried her away, but as regards the measure advocated by him, she continued to hold her former opinion. Applied generally, this simply shows the truth of Disraeli's remark that no Parliamentary oratory, however great, ever converted an antagonist; hence the most magnificent specimens are, if rightly considered, only so many academical exercises. Lord Rosebery remarked that Parliamentary oratory, to be effectual as an instrument of conversation, must be based upon the sincerity of the orator. This is another of those platitudes that impose upon the unthinking, but the sincerity of the speaker need not manifest itself in the same way.

French Parliamentary audiences are, however, apt to look upon the cultivation of a light style as incompatible with serious legislative aims. So true is this that the late Count de Douville-Maillefeu could never get them to listen to him, and yet he often said things worth listening to. The only way to avoid being thus mistaken for a clown is to adopt the tactics of Clémenceau when he was in the Chamber, and that requires too much gall. I have only attempted to give a slight glimpse of Parliamentary oratory as understood by one nation; at some future opportunity I shall return to it again.

There seems to be little warrant for the suggestion that Count Worontzoff-Dashkoff, reported to have been appointed successor of Prince Lobanoff, is sentimentally disposed towards England. Count Worontzoff-Dashkoff accompanied the Czar to Balmoral, where he made himself very agreeable; but he is believed to adhere tenaciously to Prince Lobanoff's policy in foreign affairs.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

If the saying about every rose having its thorn has passed into the sphere of proverbial wisdom, the opposite idea that there is no base thing that has not some useful or advantageous side to it may be as legitimately exploited for popular comprehension. This, happily, is not the wasp season, and the ubiquitous fly has also gone the way of its kind for another year; but when the next summer brings its plethora of both insects to worry and annoy us, it may be pleasant to dwell upon the fact that an internecine strife and civil war is waged betwixt the two insect clans. One might veritably wish that the result of the fight might accord with the end of the famous battle on the Inch of Perth described by Sir Walter Scott in his "Fair Maid." But it is a fact that the wasps wage war on the flies, and that to some purpose. Professor Meldola and other naturalists are giving us the results of their observations. The wasp sails into a room, and with his sharp jaws cuts off the fly's wings, and then, having disabled his victim, makes off with its body. The wasp is a carnivorous beast, and eats the flies. Henceforth we may spare the wasps on the ground that they kill our fly-pests. Whether this practice will really be one of exchanging King Log for King Stork remains to be discussed. Perhaps, on the whole, people will prefer the flies.

My remarks on smoking in the dark and on the usual impossibility of enjoying the fragrant weed under this condition have elicited several interesting letters from readers of this column. Most of them are in tacit agreement with my own explanation of the circumstance. I believe that the whole question is one of the association of ideas. We are so accustomed to smoke in the light and to associate our enjoyment with the sight of the curling smoke-clouds, that any change from such a combination of conditions at once destroys our sense of satisfaction and upsets the mental equilibrium. One correspondent makes the statement that "in the dark one cannot even tell whether his pipe is or is not alight"—that is, short of seeing the actual glow of the tobacco; and I am inclined to think this is quite a usual experience. In my own case, I cannot taste the tobacco flavour in the dark, and this want of sensation may be said to run in parallel lines to that phase of things which denies to the smoker the knowledge whether his pipe is alight or not. An interesting note is made by another correspondent, to the effect that his father, who was a moderate smoker, lost all sense of enjoyment of his pipe after being overtaken by blindness; this latter condition occurring ten years before his death. The patient attributed his want of appreciation of the "weed" to his inability to see the smoke.

A physician is of opinion that owing to the saliva getting impregnated with the tobacco principles, it is difficult for a smoker in the dark to tell whether his pipe is alight or not, but in my own case this remark does not hold good, for in the dark the taste of the tobacco is non-existent. My medical friend says that, as a rule, the blind do not smoke, or care to smoke, and such as practise the habit do so from sociable motives. It is, however, difficult to conceive where the sociability is represented in the case of the blind, unless, indeed, its physical basis is the sense of smell. Yet another correspondent represents the exception which is said to prove the rule. This gentleman tells me that he enjoys tobacco-smoking equally well in the dark and in the light. He owns to the habit of smoking in bed after he puts his light out, and thus consumes a pipeful of tobacco in the dark. This is certainly an example of a curious, and, one might be justified in saying, an exceptional method of enjoying a pipe. A correspondent who has been much at sea, where one probably, he says, smokes more in the dark hours than by daylight, gives his experience to the effect that his enjoyment is not lessened by darkness, though he owns to missing the sight of the curling smoke-wreaths, and notes the difficulty of knowing whether one's pipe is in or out. Sailors, he says, prefer a bent pipe, in which they see the cheerful glow of the lighted tobacco. After all, one may return to the only explanation which appears feasible in this matter of the want of enjoyment of one's pipe in the dark. It is a question of habit, for people, as a rule, smoke in the light and see the smoke.

I daresay many of my readers, contemplating the different shapes of foliage from time to time, have speculated on the causes which determine the special forms which leaves assume. Sir John Lubbock has given us much suggestive information regarding leaf-shapes and development, and the observations of Stahl made in Java on the relations between rainfall and leaf-conformation come as additional information of welcome kind to all who speculate on and ponder over the origins of living structures. Stahl tells us that the points of leaves, and their indentations as well, are increased and intensified by the influence of rainfall. Where there is great rainfall, the leaves grow more vertically than in other regions, and the veins of the leaves tend to form channels, down which water can easily pass. Such leaves have also long and slender points, and a like structure is noted in plants growing by the side of waterfalls, where the leaves receive a large amount of moisture from the spray. In these leaves, also, the downy hairs covering them disappear, so that no obstacle is presented to the free passage of moisture off the leaf. The lesson we are taught by such facts is that of the modification and alteration of living beings by outside influences—in other words, by their environments. Those of us who agree with Mr. Spencer and the Neo-Lamarckian school do not deny the allied effects of internal conditions, but that an animal or plant should respond to its surroundings in respect of alterations and modifications of its structure seems to be a belief warranted by observation and ordinary common sense.

Dr. Stewart, of the Glamorgan County Asylum, has sent me his pamphlet on the increase of general paralysis in England and Wales. He tells us that there is no evidence to be found of increasing liability to insanity among us, but that there is an increase in the tendency to general paralysis. Such increase is most marked in males, is greatest in married men, and mostly seen in great urban centres and in big seaports.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

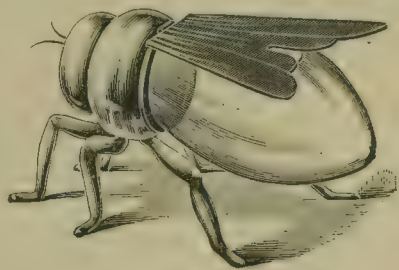
Messrs. Mappin and Webb, the well-known goldsmiths and silversmiths, of 158, Oxford Street and 2, Queen Victoria Street, makers of the celebrated Prince's plate, are always ready with charming novelties in both their first quality plated ware bearing that name and in solid silver. The "holly berry" articles of last year are this year made yet more engaging by the addition of a pretty robin sitting on the red-berried green bough, that serves



"Blackberry" Preserve-Dish in Worcester China.
Mappin and Webb.

as a handle to the glass preserve-dish, or plated cake basket, or frame of bread-and-butter, cake, cream, and sugar dishes, in all which convenient forms this pretty design is produced. More novel still, for it is new this year, is were like a large blackberry,

in Worcester china, for a preserve dish and cover, and set in a frame of Prince's plate, the spoons having black oxydised berries on the end of their handles and gilt leaves. The illustration shows how prettily this idea works out, though the colour is somewhat dark for some tastes. Bright and gay, however, for the tea-table is another new form of preserve dish, "the Bee"; this has the head and wings beautifully modelled in Prince's plate, and the body (that screws off to wash) of coloured glass, either green, white, ruby, or a deep purple colour that the firm call heliotrope, and that, anyhow, is very gay and attractive. A new plan for the tidy eating of



"The Bee" Preserve-Dish.—Mappin and Webb.

oranges is offered at a small price by a patent orange-holder. It consists of a Coalport china plate of small size, on which the sugar can be put, and above which is erected a frame of Prince's plate, wherein the orange is held to its half-size by three spring fingers; a suitable spoon, shallow and rather sharp at the edges, is supplied as part of the arrangement, and with this the securely fixed orange is scooped out mouthful by mouthful. You can buy one alone, or you can get a set of six of these very nice additions to the dessert "fixings" for just a five-pound note. Several little adjuncts to the table—from a butter-dish up to a claret-jug, through a preserve-pot and a biscuit-dish, may be had in a pretty new sort of glass, the ground frosted, and holly berries and leaves in natural colours upon it. Worcester china fox and hound heads in natural colours, with a twisted whip in Prince's plate above, serve at once as ash-trays and supports for the cigar. An excellent plan for a large-sized silver or plated library inkstand is an oval frame surrounded by a gallery that nearly encloses the full depth of the bottles, so that the upsetting of a bottle by knocking it with a book or paper becomes impossible; it is a long, handsome oval in shape, the gallery is gracefully saw-pierced, and the feet and end handles are well carved, and enclosed are three cut-glass bottles. A capital new thing is a Prince's plate combination egg-steamer and egg-cup frame. In the centre is the steamer, with under it a container that holds just enough spirit to burn till the eggs are done; then the cups are ready, standing round the frame on small silver plates, and each person can take one, all ready to consume, directly the egg is done. A capital idea is a plated crumb-brush and tray, the handle of the brush being like a French twisted roll, and that of the tray like another sort of fancy bread, both in solid ivory. A twin oil and vinegar container in crystal cut-glass is shaped like a Dory fish, the tails in the air tipped and corked with silver. A carriage address-book and card-case combined in crushed morocco, a silver box with two small packs of cards for "Patience," and a boudoir mirror in a gold frame were among the most charming of the endless list of handsome and novel presents at Messrs. Mappin and Webb's. They have lately added a well-stocked jewellery department.

Ever to the front in enterprise and novelty, the Association of Diamond Merchants, whose well-known and handsomely fitted establishment is in Grand Hotel Buildings, just outside Charing Cross Station, have just produced the most magnificent catalogue yet seen. It has cost many hundreds of pounds, and consists of nearly four hundred pages, containing four thousand beautiful illustrations, commencing with diamond ornaments worth thousands of pounds, and finishing with pretty little presents as low as 10s. 6d. It also contains choice and new designs in silver and electro plate, fitted dressing-bags (ladies' and gentlemen's), ostrich feather and lace fans, and optical goods. It is bound in green cloth stamped with gold, and is a book fit for keeping on any book-case for reference. An original and useful feature is a "key" to the value of diamonds and pearls respectively, the exact size of the former from the sixteenth of a carat to four carats, and of the latter from one to forty grains in weight, being indicated on a diagram. This happy thought the Association have



Tie Brooch.
Assoc. of Diamond Merchants.

registered. It is very suitable to them, as they were the pioneers of the system of selling diamonds and precious stones by weight at merchants' prices, which has been such a success. I advise my readers to send for the catalogue, as the prices are very low in every case for the value of the goods. Many of the designs are registered and exclusive, and amid so much it is difficult to choose any particular articles for a description. By the way, pearls are the height of fashion, so much so in Paris in particular that the price has gone up nearly twenty per cent. during the last six months, but the Association, holding a large stock, have kept their prices at the old level. The illustrations we give will just indicate what good value their lovely things are. The smaller illustration is a little tie brooch set with rubies and diamonds, or sapphires and diamonds, in a quite new and original registered design, and this costs only £8 15s. Then there is a very handsome brilliant watch-brooch (the exact sizes of the articles are those shown in the illustrations) at £27; and for a specimen of the more costly ornaments there is a beautiful trefoil brooch or hair ornament, set with brilliant round a great white, black, and pink pearl, each of scarce sort and rare beauty, at £300. There are pages upon pages in the catalogue of cheap little brooches, pins, and other trifles, as well as of the most costly and precious goods.

Very well known now by English ladies are the perfumes of the "4711" brand, and in particular the eau-de-Cologne and the violet essence. The "4711" eau-de-Cologne is "made in Germany," as it has a right to be, and is a very favourable specimen of the competing excellence that we have to meet in that enterprising nation. It is a very pure scent, reviving and refreshing in the highest degree, and as pleasant as it fades as when fresh. The same may be said of the violet perfume with the similar number. Either of these can be ordered through any perfumer, but in that case it is necessary to mention the trade number, 4711, and the name of the English agent, Mr. Reuter, of 62, New Bond Street.

Sir John Bennett's name is a world-wide household word, a reputation having been gained by many long years of unswerving honesty in supplying the public with those goods that are so particularly difficult for the purchaser himself to gauge the value of at sight—watches and clocks. The development of the English watch-making business owed much to the founder of the house, and it still remains true that nowhere in the world can a finer and more attractive show of timekeepers of all kinds be found than at his Cheapside shop. An ideal present for a lady would be one of John Bennett's beautifully decorated and well-made watches; the one illustrated is a gold keyless half-chronometer, and is priced at from twenty-one to thirty pounds, the outer case in each price being the same, but the number of internal jewels differing. This is one of the finest watches made; but a good watch for a lady, "free and safe by post for a ten-pound note" is one of Bennett's best known specialties. Watch bracelets in many forms, from the simple gold curb-chain to a diamond-set frame and brilliant-encircled face; and corsage watch-brooches of innumerable lovely designs are also to be inspected in profusion. A very charming corsage watch at fifty pounds is a tiny ball of red enamel brightened with gold stars, having the movement visible at one end and the watch face at the other, through a magnifying crystal top—the whole thing about the size of a cherry, and yet a perfect timekeeper. Another has a gold back with a dainty spray of forget-me-nots enamelled in natural blue, and the leaves in diamond sparks; the price of this delightful gift is only twenty pounds. In each case an appropriate brooch is included. The transparent enamel backs are also very pretty for the corsage watches. Handsome clocks are wonderfully cheap here. A noble clock of the tall upright "grandfather" shape, in dark mahogany, chiming at pleasure in either of two styles—the Westminster or the Whittington—in a musical voice, at £100, is wonderfully good value for a hall or staircase. A dining-room clock of great beauty is in a coromandel wood and inlaid ivory case; it also has a double chime, and is sold at £50. For drawing-room ornaments there are numerous varieties of clocks, among them several different designs in style similar to that illustrated, the beauty of which,



Drawing-room Clock.
Sir John Bennett.

however, must be seen to be appreciated, as the figures in bas-relief on clock and vases are finely worked bronze, and richly gilt, so that they are objects of art of a fine description, and it is almost incredible that the price of a set such as this commences at thirty guineas. A carriage clock is an inexpensive and useful gift—one serves also for

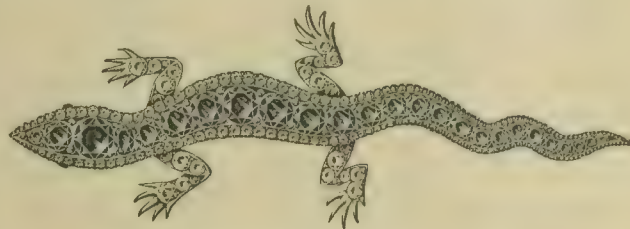


Watch-Brooch.
Assoc. of Diamond Merchants.

bed-room or boudoir. The jewellery department here also contains a large stock of fine "pieces," opals being a speciality.

Among the many books for Christmas which we have received is an exceedingly novel one by Mr. Benson, the well-known jeweller of 25, Old Bond Street, W. The work is quite unique in itself, containing as it does illustrations of the celebrated Bond Street novelties, drawn half the actual size of the articles—a novel idea. Our readers should write for a copy, which will be sent post free.

Messrs. Wilson and Gill, at 134, Regent Street, have an extensive and handsome stock both of jewellery and silver. Both the partners are personally in the business and ready to advise with customers, Mr. Wilson taking the silver and Mr. Gill the ornaments for speciality; or the goods can be ordered from the catalogue with equal assurance of attention. We illustrate a novel and very brilliant brooch in the shape of a lizard, the centre of the body being set with a brilliant green stone called an olivine and the sides with diamonds, so that it has a glittering and most effective appearance, especially at night on an evening dress. A handsome novelty here is sets of four diamond slides, in several designs, to slip on a broad band of velvet, or on a wide gold necklet if preferred—but on the velvet they would be extremely effective as a necklace or

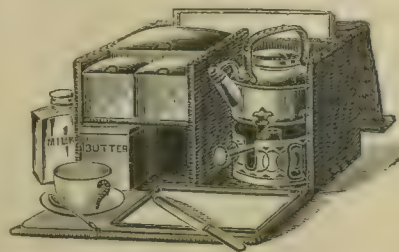


Fine Olivine and Diamond Lizard.—Wilson and Gill.

collar: the Princess of Wales is setting this fashion. A chain-bracelet, interspersed with balls of fiery opal and slabs (the jewellers call these tables) of star sapphire cut like brilliants, is a rare and charming ornament. A simple little bangle, and yet valuable enough for a married lady to wear, is a rather thin gold chain with an acorn pendant from it, the fruit in a pearl or a turquoise, and the cup of the acorn inset with diamonds. For wear on a bangle or watchguard is a novel pencil, only an inch in length when closed, and drawing out to a practical size; the case remains attached to the ornament, while the pencil is easily withdrawn for use, and then replaced in its snug nest. Messrs. Wilson and Gill make a speciality of the lovely tea and black coffee cups, enclosed in stands with handles of pierced silver or gilt.

"Scrubb's Ammonia," and the soap that combines so well with it, are put up in pretty boxes for Christmas gifts. The ammonia is excellent for softening washing water, whether for the handbasin or the bath. It is also a capital cleanser, and ladies who like to wash their own "little bits" of lace will find that by letting them soak for a few hours in some ammonia and water the dirt is so softened and brought out that the fatal need of rubbing the delicate threads is entirely abrogated. A bottle on the washstand and in the bath-room serves numerous useful purposes, and the soap is a good one.

Messrs. Drew have made an acceptable addition to their well-known "En Route" five o'clock tea-baskets by the introduction of a basket for a single person travelling alone, which forms one of the novelties this season at the fine establishment at Piccadilly Circus. Heretofore, the smallest size basket was for two, and a corresponding size of tea-caddy, lamp, kettle, biscuit-box, sugar and milk containers, and butter-box was provided, as well as two cups and saucers, plates, spoons, knives, and serviettes—this list forming the contents of the basket. This was, of course, only useless weight for one person alone, and hence the reduction in size and price for a single set is sure to add to the popularity of these useful and well-known articles. The basket in which all are snugly enclosed is only 12 in. by 7 in.; it has a lid that turns back and



"En Route" Tea-Basket.—Drew.

down and fits as a holder into the carriage window, while the front of the basket drops to form a tray, so that the whole thing is convenience itself; and especially for travellers to the Riviera at this time of year, it is a precious possession, both on the journey, and in the hotels where real English afternoon tea is an incomprehensible luxury. A new and very safe lamp has also been introduced this season, and a saucepan can be now added to the fittings (of any basket, old or new) without increasing the size of the whole, as the kettle fits in the saucepan, and its lid goes behind the stove. For a lady cyclist, the wicker frame for standing or conveying the machine on a journey is a most useful present, and for the same now numerous class there is just brought out a capital compact handle-bar dressing-case, having a tiny mirror, that, being convex, will show all the face at a glance, comb, purse, and card-case, a small flask, box for meat lozenges, pins, matches, etc.

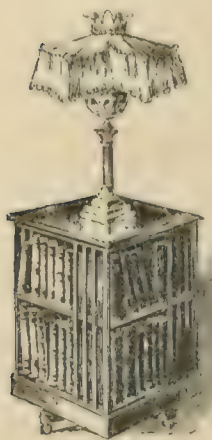
Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard, the manufacturers of the "Svan Fountain Pen," are wise in inserting in their new catalogue a portrait of one of their most illustrious customers, the late Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is an excellent portrait of the little doctor in his study, and is accompanied by a facsimile of a letter from him in which

he informs the famous gold-pen makers that he has used one of their pens "constantly for more than twenty years without repair, and with constant satisfaction." There is a large choice of cases for the "Swan Fountain" illustrated in the catalogue, allowing of one being given as a present at a cost of from ten and sixpence (in vulcanite) to (in solid gold) six guineas. The catalogue may be had from 93, Cheapside.

Messrs. Hampton, Pall Mall East, besides their galleries full of all manner of furniture, are making a special display of pretty things suitable for presents. The elegant little occasional table in Chippendale mahogany that we illustrate costs under two pounds; and the revolving bookstand, lamp included, does not cost three pounds. Chairs of beautifully carved unpolished walnut, in Louis Treize design, and covered in tapestry that looks old and costly, are sold for £4 10s. A pretty small gift would be a set of reproduced Fra Angelico panels, six angels in an oak frame with a carved cathedral-front-like heading, touched with gilding. A special feature is the display of genuine old Chinese ware. Some new and artistic designs in copper and brass and wood vases for coal or for logs attract attention. Lamps are of all sizes and kinds, and electric light fittings are as abundant in variety and prettiness as ordinary oil lamps. Draperies here are remarkably cheap and tasteful, and a portiere is often an acceptable present. Cushions in variety are to be seen, antique mandarins' robes and modern Japanese embroideries being both very effective in this guise. One of the cheapest little gifts here is a revolving book-stand for the table at 12s. 6d.; on the other hand you may buy a magnificent "orchestration" for £300, or a wardrobe whose doors are specimens of the finest kind of carved oak for £80, and every kind of furnishing article.



Chippendale Table.—Hampton.



Revolving Bookstand.
Hampton.

A very magnificent gift, and doubtless the most acceptable one imaginable that could be chosen for many ladies, would be an Erard piano. The long-established reputation of this celebrated firm makes it certain that any instrument purchased from them will be first-class, and, of course, all varieties of case and detail in ornamentation is to be obtained in "Erard's."

The diaries which Messrs. Charles Letts and Co. have issued for 1897 show a remarkable amount of ingenuity, the result of the experience of many long years. In point of type and paper few diaries excel those of this old firm. This year they issue for the Stationers' Company the famous Dr. Francis Moore's Almanack, which made its first appearance two centuries ago, and the "British Almanack," which is based on the admirable Hachette. These two publications are exceedingly interesting and useful, combining the touch of yesterday with all the necessary information for to-day and to-morrow.

The annual report for 1895 of the Labour Department (statistical) of the Board of Trade shows that strikes and lock-outs, or stoppages of work on account of disputes, in 876 instances, affecting 263,000 persons, chiefly in the building, mining and quarrying, engineering and ship-building, clothing, textile, and boot and shoe trades, caused the aggregate loss of more than five and a half millions of days' work, and of wages to the amount of £1,120,000. But the loss caused by strikes in preceding years was immensely greater, the number of persons thereby thrown out of work in 1894 being 324,000, and 1893 not less than 636,000, while the days of their unprofitable idleness were 9,322,000 and 31,205,000, respectively, in each of those years! So we complain of foreign competition with the British workman! We are, indeed, the wisest of nations.

Stenhouse's Scotch whisky is a liqueur whisky of the finest quality, admirably adapted for the wants of all who require a spirit of purity and of matured age. The great demand for Scotch whiskies, which of late has formed a feature of the trade, has resulted in the produce and sale of many inferior blends. It is therefore advisable that the spirit employed by those who have regard to health and to the dietetic use of whisky should be of old and well-matured character, and should be free from all injurious principles associated with rawness and with the un-matured nature of the product. The examination of Messrs. Stenhouse and Co.'s Scotch liqueur whisky has shown us that it fully meets the requirements of the analyst and physician alike in respect of its excellence and purity. It is absolutely free from fusel oil and allied impurities, and its age presents it in a mellow condition, suitable for use literally by all sorts and conditions of men. This whisky consists of a skilful blending of well-known Scotch whiskies, matured in sherry-casks for at least ten years. We are convinced from the reports received regarding its purity that no more wholesome spirit than this can be placed on the table. The price also is of moderate character, having regard to the excellence of the blend, Messrs. Stenhouse and Co., of West Regent Street, Glasgow, forwarding the whisky, carriage free, in two-gallon cases, for forty-five shillings. The whisky, we may add, as a distinctive feature, is sold in bottles of a special shape, each bottle being stamped and signed as a guarantee of the genuine character of the contained spirit.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

It is, perhaps, not amazing, the fervour with which the woman fashionable skates nowadays, when three artificial ice areas exist in the Metropolis for her special pleasure, and the exercise so inevitably makes for grace and lends itself with such special elegance to the art of costume. The first desideratum towards the skating costume is the lining of its skirt, which should in all cases be matched by the petticoat beneath it; thus in the turn of the waltz is permitted a peep of many frills, although such policy (in parenthesis, I may mention) is not adopted by the professional lady skater, Miss Davidson, who has recently arrived from America. She shows the advantages of a costume which consists merely of a pair of black silk knickerbockers, met by a pair of black cloth gaiters, which are but covered half-way by a redingote of red cloth, trimmed with black fur. But the ways of the professional skater in more senses than one are not those of the dilettante, who cares perhaps less for the figures she cuts upon the ice than for the figure she will cut in the eyes of the spectators, and certainly you may evolve more charm from the frilled petticoat than from the silken knickerbockers.

That skating costume sketched on this page is of dark red cloth braided with black bordered with sable; it is crowned with a toque of sable trimmed at one side with a rosette of red velvet and a waving plume, plucked from the bird-of-paradise. It is attractive from the point of view of the spectator, but the earnest skater would recognise at a glance that its wearer would be more comfortable did she but doff her coat and skate in a crêpe-de-chine bodice of dark red, which could be tucked from neck to waist, and finished at the neck with a white linen collar and a black-and-white striped necktie. The bolero jacket, upon which Fashion smiles with so much persistence, is better adapted to the skating-rink. Made in cloth to match the skirt, and revealing some shirt-front of frivolous detail, such as tucked lawn or chiffon or lace finished at the neck with a tie of some contrasting hue, it is particularly successful. Take, for instance, a dark green costume made in this style with a tucked shirt-front and a pale blue tie. On the whole it is advisable to make the skating skirts less full than those we wear while walking, and the best way to trim these is with rows of ribbon velvet set just about to the knees. Three of these will look well two inches apart from each other. A plain cloth skirt of any colour which may happen to suit the individual fancy thus decorated with ribbon velvets or with braid or with fur, lined with mauve shot silk and worn over a petticoat of mauve shot silk, or of green glacé should the colour please you better, may serve with bodices of all descriptions.

A bright mandarin yellow flannel shirt is quite attractive on the ice when worn with a black skirt lined with



A TEA-GOWN.

mandarin yellow, and crowned with a little black velvet toque trimmed with a group of black ostrich feathers at one side clasped by a jewelled brooch. And the flannel shirt will be found a most hygienic garment, too, giving us

immunity from chill, and it can yet be made quite smart. Thus, combining the advantages of the healthful with the elegant, it is deserving of all patronage.

If we are skating in the evening it is rather a difficult matter to combine the appropriate dress in which to dine



A SKATING COSTUME.

with the appropriate dress in which we can afterwards visit the rink. A light coloured silk bodice is perhaps the best selection, and the black silk skirt must be recognised as useful, though it will need carefully pinning up at the back, unless we are in possession of a short black silk skirt, or an ancient one, which we would do well to have cut two inches shorter than it would be under the ordinary conditions, and keep it in our wardrobes, labelled for skating only. A geranium-tinted chiffon bodice, draped with pale cream-coloured lace, crowned with a toque of geranium velvet, trimmed with a group of black feathers fastened with diamonds, might have been seen at one of the skating-rinks the other night, completed with a plain black moiré skirt lined with pink; and its wearer looked quite charming.

The fur toque looks well on the ice, but in truth the fur toque looks well everywhere—we may with impunity wear it while bicycling, while walking, we may suffer it to accompany us on a round of visits, and permit it to play its part at a wedding. Sable is the best fur for the toque, being the most generally becoming; but the dark woman may adopt the toque of chinchilla or of ermine, the latter looking its best when simply trimmed with black feathers or pompons. And the latest variety of toque may be found with the brim indented and turned up rather wide in the front and quite narrow in the back.

And now to describe that tea-gown sketched on this page, which is made of turquoise blue poplin, with an appliqué border of Brussels lace, and a front of the softest cream-coloured net, the same dainty fabric also being allowed to make the rucked sleeves, which extend with long frills over the hands; over the shoulders, and round the waist heliotrope miroir velvet puts in its appearance, and the Medici collar is lined with this on the inside, and traced with a lace appliqué on the outside. But while I am detailing the joys of this tea-gown I am forgetting to reply to a letter which is staring at me reproachfully from my table, from "Mrs. G. F. M.," who would do well to cut out that picture she specially admires and send it to Peter Robinson, of Regent Street; he would at once and most admirably make her such a velvet coat.—PAULINA PRY.

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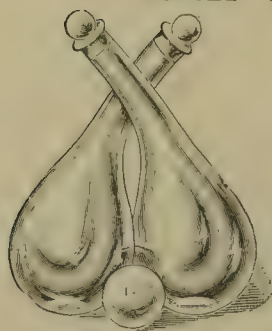
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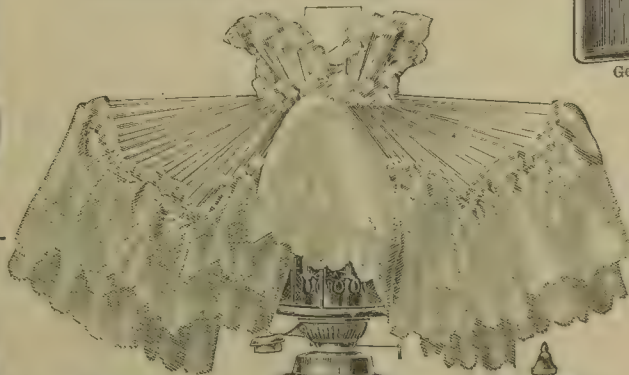
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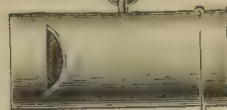


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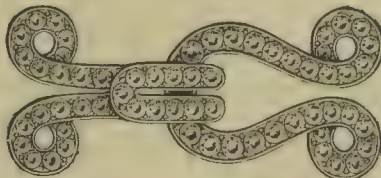
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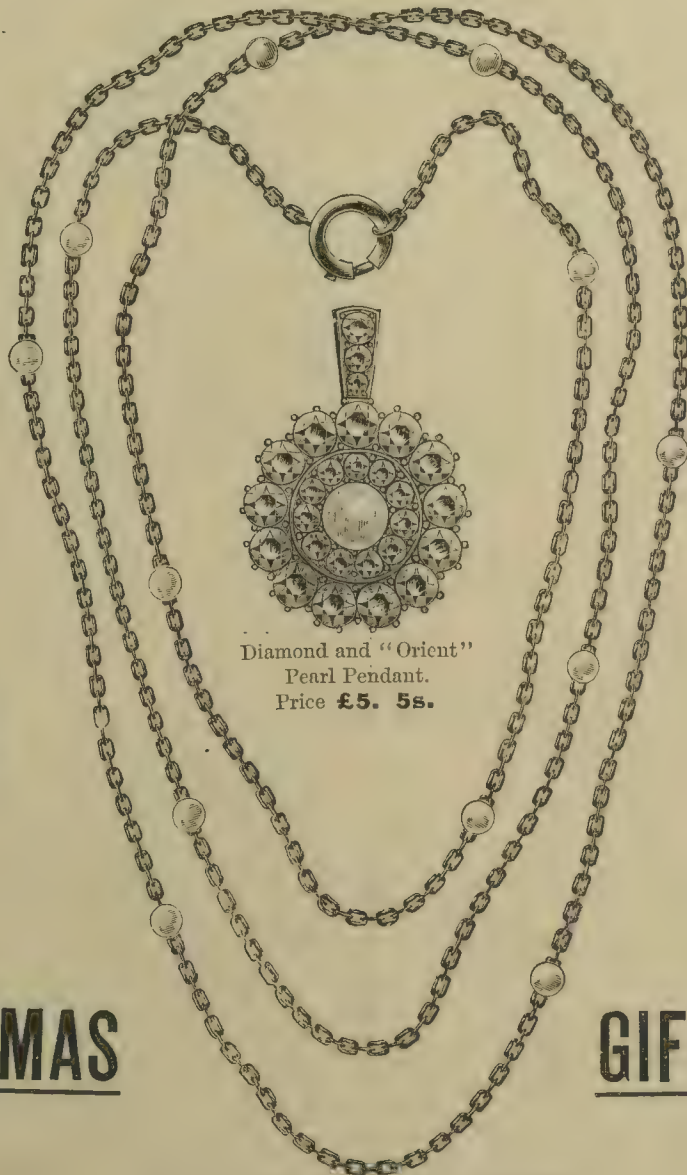
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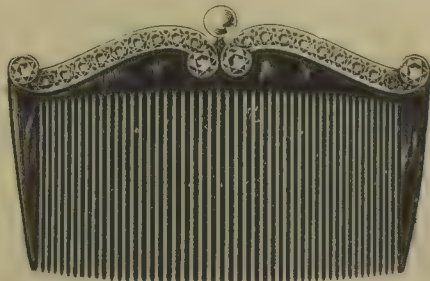


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residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood. At her death or remarriage he devises and gives Beetham House and the land attached thereto, certain articles of vertu, and one moiety of the ultimate residue, upon trust, for his daughter Catherine Frances Margaret Hutton, and the other moiety of the ultimate residue, upon trust, for his daughter Lucy Gladys Hutton.

The will (dated Oct. 18, 1893), with a codicil (dated April 6, 1896), of Mr. Henry Berthon Preston, of 47, Lexham Gardens, S.W., who died on Oct. 22, was proved on Nov. 24 by Mrs. Sarah Caroline Grey Preston, the widow, Hugh Berthon Preston, the son, and Arthur Hildebrand Ramsden Tagore, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £32,428. The testator gives £300 and his household furniture and effects to his wife; £1800, upon trust, for his son, William Henry Preston; and £50 each to Hugh Berthon Preston and Arthur Hildebrand Ramsden Tagore. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during her life or widowhood, and then as to £7000, upon trust, for his son Richard Anthony Preston, and the ultimate residue between his children, except his said son Richard, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1896), with a codicil (dated March 9 following) of Mr. William Humphrey Owen, J.P., D.L., of Plas Penrhyn, Anglesey, who died on April 2, was proved on Nov. 24 by Thomas Owen, the brother, and Humphrey Owen, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £21,542. The testator bequeaths £250, upon trust, for the Dwyran

Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Chapel; £200 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the National Life-Boat Institution, and the Welsh Home Mission Fund (in connection with the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Connexion); £500 each to the children of his brother, John Owen; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew Humphrey Owen.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1896) of Mr. Edward Lavington Oxenham, F.R.G.S., of 43, Addison Road, who died at Bognor on Sept. 26, was proved on Nov. 18 by Cyril Kendall Butler and Robert George Oxenham, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £21,316. The testator bequeaths £100 to the governors of Harrow College; £30 each to the St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, the Railway Benevolent Institution, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the West London Hospital, the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, and the Western Ophthalmic Hospital; £1700 each to his sisters Edith Maria Oxenham and Anne Eleanor Oxenham; £500 each to Robert George Oxenham and the Rev. Francis N. Oxenham, and many small legacies and specific gifts to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of his property he leaves between his niece Monica Grace and Amyas Oxenham in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1894), with a codicil (dated June 12, 1896), of Mrs. Frances Catherine Kenyon-Slaney, widow, of Hatton Grange, Shifnal, Salop, who died on Oct. 18, was proved on Nov. 16 by Colonel William Slaney Kenyon-Slaney, M.P., the son and executor, the value of the

personal estate being £12,041. The testatrix gives £1500 stock of the Canadian Pacific Railway between her children, Walter Rupert, Francis Gerald, Percy Robert, Agnes Charlotte, and Violet Mabel; £1000 to her son William; £100 to her daughter, Katharine Maud; the money at her bankers between her children, except her daughter Katharine Maud; £50 to the Shifnal Cottage Hospital and District Nursing Fund; £100 to T. H. Keough; and legacies to servants, and specific gifts to her children. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her son, Colonel William Slaney Kenyon-Slaney absolutely.

The will of the Rev. Sir Theophilus Henry Gresley Puleston, Bart., of The Rectory, Worthenbury, Flint, who died on May 20, was proved on Nov. 19 by Dame Anne Margaret Puleston, the widow and sole executrix, the gross value of the personal estate being £7899.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Jan. 5, 1886) of the Right Hon. Henry Ernest Newcomen, Earl of Kingston, of Kilonan Castle, Roscommon, who died at Cairo on Jan. 13, granted to the Right Hon. Florence Margaret Christina, Countess of Kingston, the widow and sole executrix, was resealed in London on Nov. 20, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland being £4354. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his wife.

The will of Mr. Henry Byron Reed, M.P. for East Bradford, of 4, Collingham Place, South Kensington, who died on Oct. 5, at Ventnor, was proved on Nov. 23 by Mrs. Mary Hannah Reed, the widow and sole executrix, the gross value of the personal estate being £3293.

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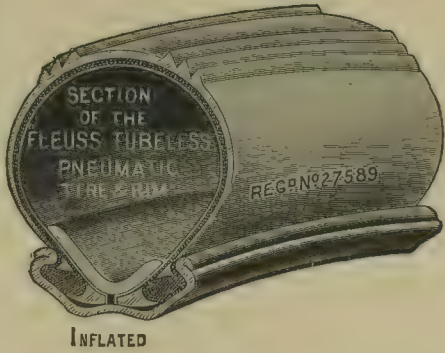
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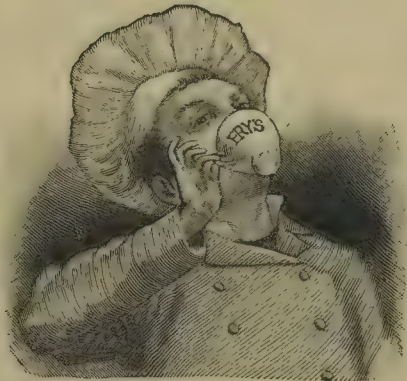
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MISCELLANEOUS.

The American Thanksgiving Day was celebrated in London on Thursday last by a great assemblage of notable men at the Hotel Cecil. Mr. Wellecome, the President of the American Society in London, took the chair at the banquet, and in the course of his speech made sundry interesting statements as to the exact character of the yearly Thanksgiving celebration of America. The American Ambassador was to have been present, but had been summoned to visit the Queen at Windsor Castle, where he took the opportunity of submitting a memorial of the occasion to her Majesty.

The Penrhyn quarry dispute has become a matter of considerable public importance. At the Bethesda slate quarries, which are the largest in the world, no fewer than three thousand workmen and boys were out on strike at the beginning of the week in consequence of Lord Penrhyn's rejection of their demand. The North Wales Quarrymen's Union has issued a circular to the trades-unionists of the United Kingdom urgently appealing for funds on behalf of the strikers, who claim that they are making a struggle of vital importance to the rights of combination in North Wales.

That popular haunt of the cyclist, Battersea Park, is shortly to gain somewhat in woodland character by the importation of some deer. It is true they will hardly be wild deer; in fact, they will be cockneys by birth, and will migrate to Battersea only from Clissold and Victoria Parks;

but their advent should be none the less welcome. A few years ago some deer were presented to the County Council for Clissold Park by an animal-lover, who also very generously provided a deer-shed and a fence for the enclosure of a certain domain for the animals. The deer flourished and multiplied, and in due course some of their offspring were installed in Victoria Park. The animals have again increased in number to such an extent that Battersea Park is now to be peopled from their herd. A section of the park will probably be enclosed by the Council as soon as the sum necessary for a fence has been obtained.

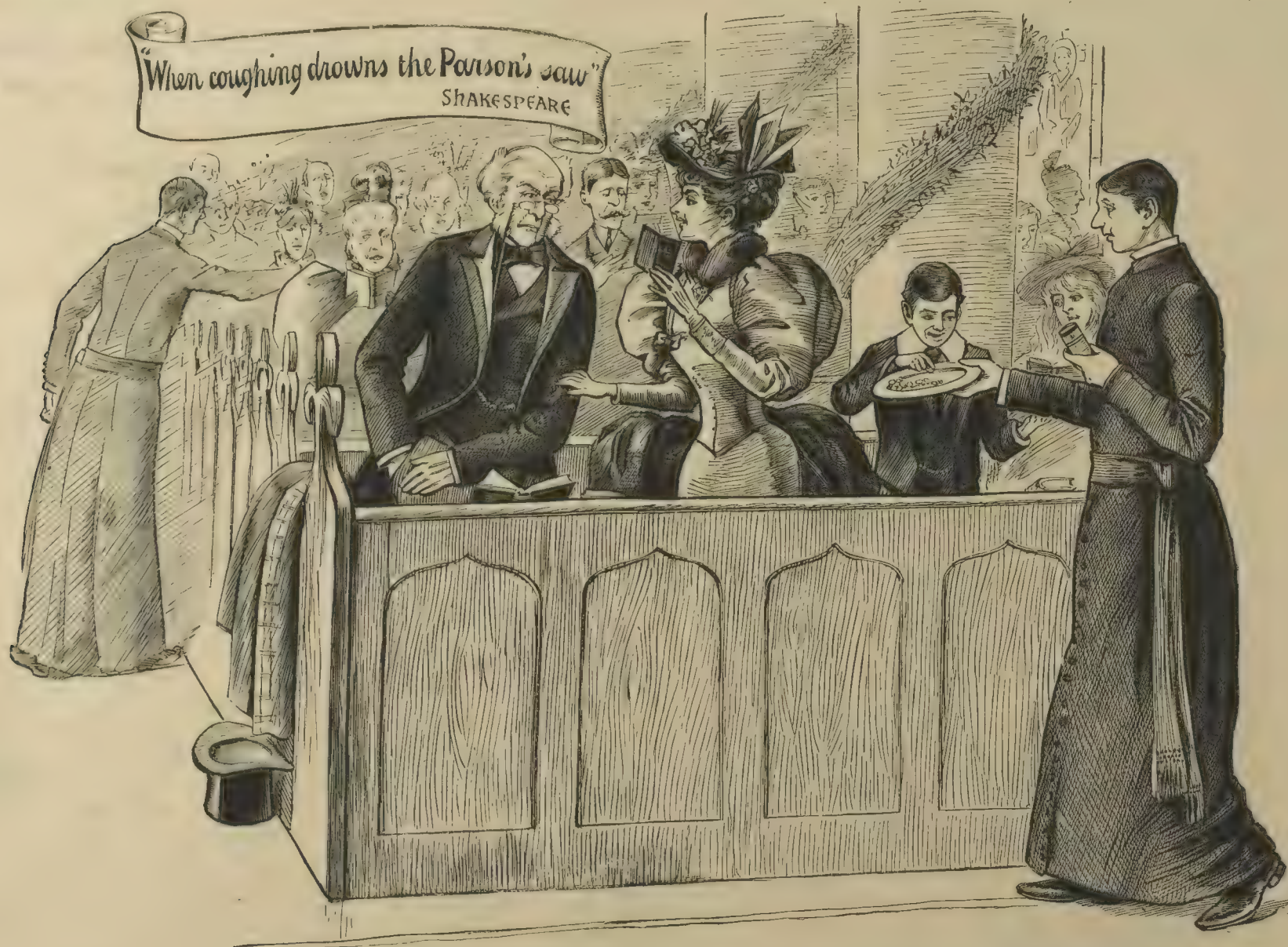
On Monday last the Royal Society held its anniversary meeting and conferred certain of its medals. The Copley Medal falls this year to Professor Gegenbaur, of Heidelberg, in recognition of the value of his researches in comparative anatomy. Professor Gegenbaur is now just seventy years of age, and the Copley Medal forms a fitting tribute to the valuable services which he has rendered during his long life to the cause of biology. The Rumford Medals fall, appropriately enough, to Professor Röntgen and Professor Philip Lenard, the two men most conspicuously associated with the X rays and the Cathode rays. It is fitting that the name of Professor Lenard, whose researches in optical physics have done much to facilitate the fine work of the past year, should be thus connected with that of the famous adaptor of the X rays to photographic purposes. The geological medals are shared by Sir Archibald Geikie and Mr. Vernon Boys, and the Darwin Medal once more goes to a distinguished foreigner, the

latest of Continental experts to receive this compliment being Signor Grassi, of Rome.

Mr. E. T. Hooley, one of the newly appointed Lieutenants of the City of London, has presented to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral a very handsome service of gold communion plate for use in the Cathedral. The offering, which has been described by Archdeacon Sinclair as "the most munificent gift ever made to a church," consists of two flagons, four chalices, and four patens of pure gold, made from a classical model by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street. Mr. Hooley's gift is intended as a thankoffering for the sixty years of her Majesty's reign, and as such will be used for the first time at the service which is to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's accession in May next. Mr. Hooley has done Churchmen a further service by purchasing the advowsons of three poor country livings, and adding to the insufficient stipends of their incumbents out of his own resources.

The recent recruiting for the Royal Navy has met with very satisfactory results. The growing desire in the youth of Great Britain to join this branch of her Majesty's service is, indeed, so marked, that an increased standard in height and chest-measurement is shortly to be adopted by the medical authorities.

The health of Dr. Jameson has lately been giving considerable anxiety to the medical authorities at Holloway Jail, and on Saturday last, in accordance with the



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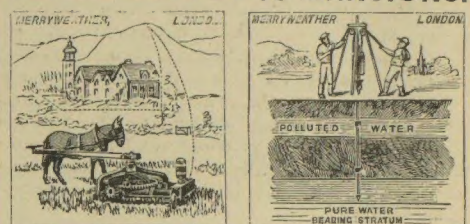
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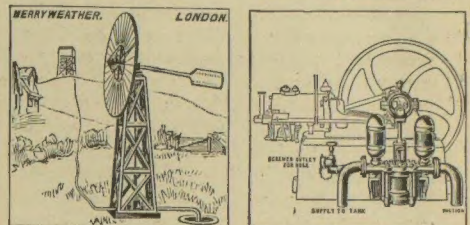
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expressed desire of the Home Office, Sir William Broadbent visited the prisoner and confirmed the opinion of the medical officer as to the precarious condition of Dr. Jameson's health. It is probable, therefore, that the prisoner will presently be released.

The new cruiser *Powerful* returned to Portsmouth on Saturday last, after having accomplished her series of tests with complete success. In the four hours' trial of her full speed, 25,886-horse power was the average registered, and in the four hours' trial of her horse-power was equally satisfactory. The trial has also established the vessel's capacity for travelling twenty-two and a half knots an hour.

Dr. Temple, the Archbishop-Designate of Canterbury, is to be solemnly enthroned in Canterbury Cathedral on Jan. 8, and will hold his first ordination in the Cathedral on the following Sunday. One of the first schemes to be submitted to the new Primate will be one which in its earliest state met with the approval of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. This is a project for the appropriation of some scantily attended Anglican church in the Metropolis to the services of the Armenian congregation in London.

Tendring, in Essex, must be an Arcadia. At the recent School Board election, the Rector nominated the Wesleyan minister, who, not to be outdone, nominated the Rector's wife. The lady came in at the head of the poll. This solution of the religious education problem seems impossible else-

where; but there must be moments when the ratepayers of London sigh with envy when they think how much better these things are managed at Tendring.

Under the new scheme of instruction, officers and non-commissioned officers of the Yeomanry Guard will be trained at the regular cavalry stations at Aldershot, Windsor, Edinburgh, York, Leeds, Dublin, Norwich, Colchester, Shorncliffe, and Hounslow, the Yeomanry School at Aldershot being entirely abandoned.

Mr. Edison must look to his laurels if the story from San Francisco about a certain Dr. Benjamin be true. This personage is said to have invented a successful flying-machine, in which he makes long excursions at a speed of a mile a minute. Particulars as to the construction of this marvel are scanty, as the inventor has shrouded his labours in secrecy; but a man who flies about California at a mile a minute must be a rather conspicuous object. Perhaps the greatest wonder of all is not that Dr. Benjamin should fly over the city of San Francisco, but that he should defeat the curiosity of the interviewer. Clearly, one great advantage of the flying-machine will be that when you see the newspaper man coming, "you can take refuge in the clouds."

The "Browning Golden Wedding" which Canon Barker is going to celebrate in his church on Dec. 12 is new among the many methods of honouring the dead. But, then, the Browning marriage was a unique event. The linking together of two such personalities; the

sacrifice the lady made of her father's goodwill when she accepted the poet; the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," which celebrated the nuptials; and, finally, the fidelity of the poet to the memory of the wife whom he outlived for thirty years—all these things go to make the commemoration of the wedding a reasonable and a memorable one. Such, apparently, is the view of the only child of the marriage, Mr. R. Barrett Browning, who writes to Canon Barker from Asolo to say that he cannot accept the invitation to be present. "But," he adds, "you will readily understand how profoundly I am touched by the idea," and he assures his correspondent "that in sympathy and in spirit I shall be wholly with you on that day."

Mr. William Watson has been staying at Bournemouth for a month, but he has returned to town without having effected any improvement in the condition of his arm, recently injured by a fall from his horse. Mr. Watson has now put himself under the treatment of Mr. Atkinson, who has had under his care the arms of Sandow and Samson, but never perhaps the arm, and the right arm, of a poet till now.

There was quite an interesting display of rare plants, including a number of orchids, at the Museum of the Royal Botanic Society in Regent's Park on Saturday last, when the Fellows of the Society held one of their occasional meetings, with Mr. Burrows in the chair. Among the exhibits were some rice-plants of the Egyptian bearded variety, which, during the hot weather of the past summer

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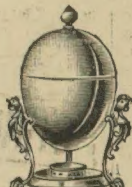
Silver-mounted Crocodile Cigar Case,
£1 10



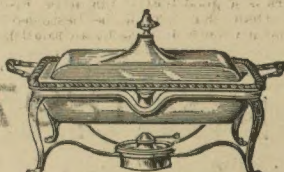
020282—Sterling Silver Cigarette Case,
15/-



15941—Fish Carvers, in Case.
Sterling Silver, £4 40 Electro-plated, £2 20



015273—Egg Steamer
Electro Plate, £1 15 0



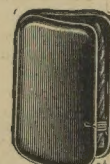
017467—Breakfast Dish
8in. Dish, in Electro-plate, £4 00



018106—Electro-plated Candelabrum, £2 2



180—1/2-pint Dram Flask, covered crocodile, with Silver-plated Cup, and Bayonet Top, £1 5 0



020270 B—Concave Sterling Silver Cigar Case, £3 30



8126—Electro-plated Cigar Lighter, £1 7



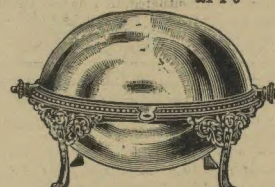
017283—Breakfast Frame, Electro Plate, £1 10



12948—Hand-somely Cut Glass Salad Bowl and Servers, Mounted in Electro Plate, £1 17 6
Sterling Silver Mounts ... £3 10 0



017573—Claret Jug, Mtd. in Elec. Plate, 25/-
Mtd. in Sterl. Silv., 47/6



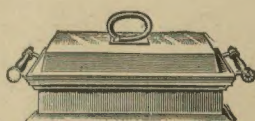
017424—Breakfast Dish, Electro Plate, Revolving Cover, 8in., £3 10 0
11in., £5 0 0
12in., £5 10 0



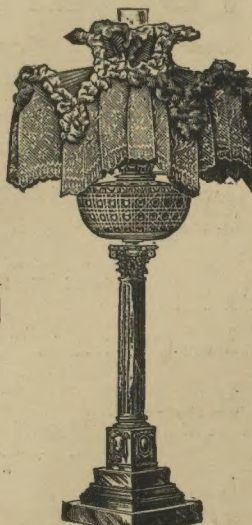
Sterling Silver Inkstand, "Golf," £6 10 0



02507—Chamber Candlestick, Electro-plated, 12/6



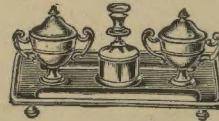
017410—Bacon Dish, 9 inches, in Electro Plate, £5 5 0



019224—Table Lamp, in Electro Plate, £3 8 0



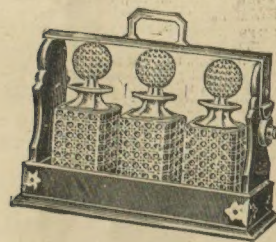
015259—Egg Frame, with 4 Cups and Spoons, Electro Plate, £2 17 6



Irish Inkstand, in Electro Plate, £3 7 6
in Sterling Silver, £7 17 6



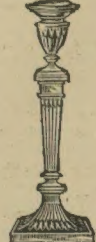
New Patent Warmer. Will keep a dish warm for over an hour. In Electro Plate, £3 10 0



Polished Oak "Tantalus" Spirit Frame with Nickel-plated Mounts, and best Cut Hobnail Quart Bottles, £5 0 0



19507—Case of 4 Serviette Rings, Electro Plate, 25/-
Sterling Silver, 47/6



016068—Join. Table Candlestick, Elec. Plate, £2 5 pr.
Sterl. Silv., £29 9 n



019215—Bijou Fluted Lamp, with shade complete, £2 2 0



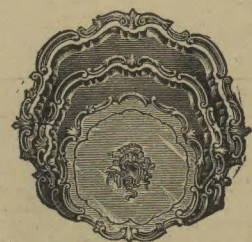
019201—Bijou Lamp, Chased Wedgwood, in Electro Plate, £2 5



02790—Join. Table Candlestick, Ster. Sil. £12 12 pr.
Elec. Pla. £3 10 n



017915—One quart Kettle and Stand, Handsomely Fluted and Engraved, in Electro Plate, £4 40



17392—Walters, Engraved, in Electro Plate, Sterling Silver, 8in. £2 0 0
10in. £2 12 6
12in. £3 15 0

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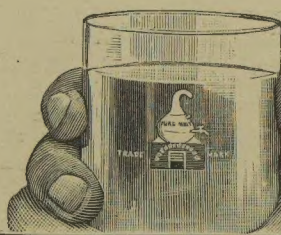
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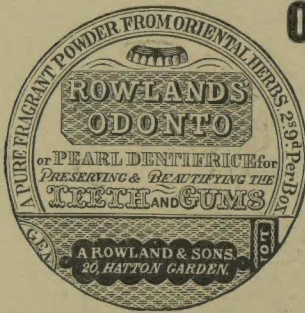
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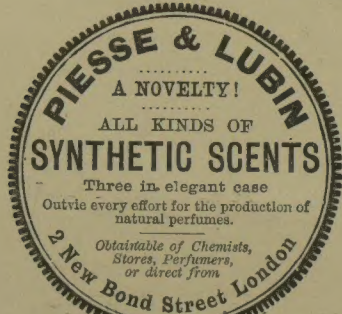
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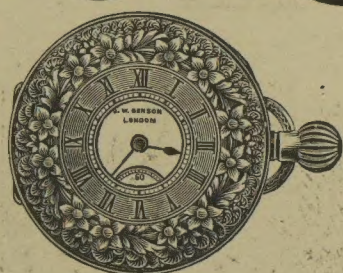
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KEYLESS LEVER WATCH.

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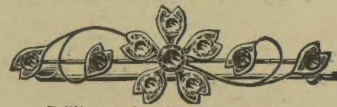
PRICE £10; or in SILVER CASES, £5.



Curb Chain Bracelet, with fine Brilliant, £6 6s.



All Brilliants, £6 6s.
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No. 974.—DECEMBER 1896.—2s. 6d.

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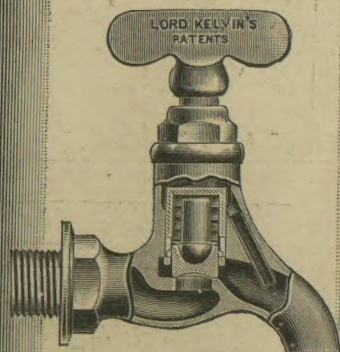
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attained to a height more than two feet in excess of their usual growth on the Society's premises. The donations recently received included some pomeloe seeds, the gift of the Siamese Minister, and some rare specimens of Spanish iris, presented by Dr. R. Boxall.

The Birmingham Cattle Show opened on Saturday last with a considerably larger number of entries than usual. Unfortunately the entries of pigs were cancelled at the last moment, in obedience to a prohibition of the Board of Agriculture, made necessary by a local outbreak of swine-fever. The Queen and the Prince of Wales were among the owners of prize exhibits.

The gallant conduct of Mr. Arthur Thompson, steward of the steam-ship *Pallion*, of West Hartlepool, who, under

circumstances of extreme difficulty, rescued a drowning Frenchman at Dunkirk last July, has received the official recognition of the French Government in the form of a silver Medal of Honour and a diploma, which had been handed to Mr. Thompson through the medium of the Foreign Office.

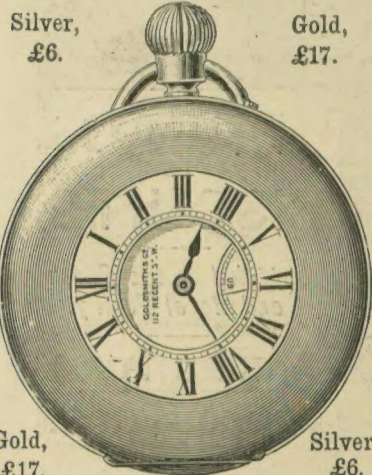
The scheme for the erection of training-school buildings in connection with the *Britannia* at Dartmouth is now progressing. A site for the new buildings has been selected near the Bowling Alley. The training which will be carried on at the new school will be made as similar as possible to that on board ship, even down to such details as bed-room accommodation, for the cadets are to sleep in hammocks slung in the proper nautical fashion.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It is evident that the new measure of education will be a moderate one, and the *Guardian* advises its friends to acquiesce. The *Church Times* is more dissatisfied, and lays the blame on the Liberal Unionists. It says: "Some of the Conservative party have spared no pains to make us understand that their Liberal allies have stiffened their backs, and would rather tear up the treaty than yield to Churchmen one atom of aid more than they are absolutely obliged to give."

A meeting was held recently in St. James's Hall to complain of the growth of Rationalism among an increasing body of Churchmen. The Dean of Ripon and the Archdeacon of Manchester were chiefly assailed. Father Ignatius was amongst those present. A High Church

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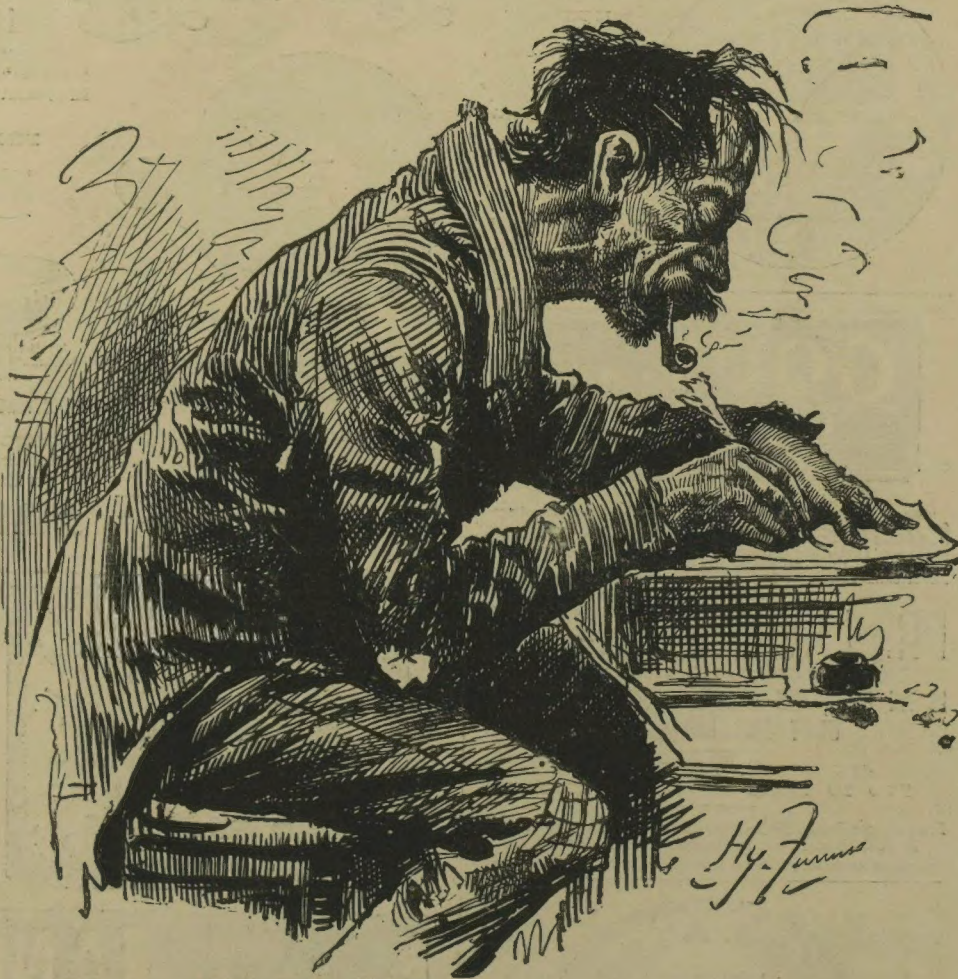
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